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THE SPHERE, SEPTEMBER 6, 1941
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THE SPHERE

Vol. CLXVI No. 2172 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC SEPTEMBER 6 1941

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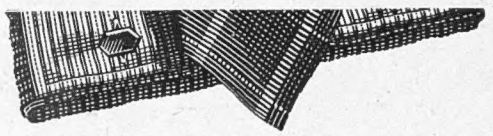

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Volume CLXVI No. 2172

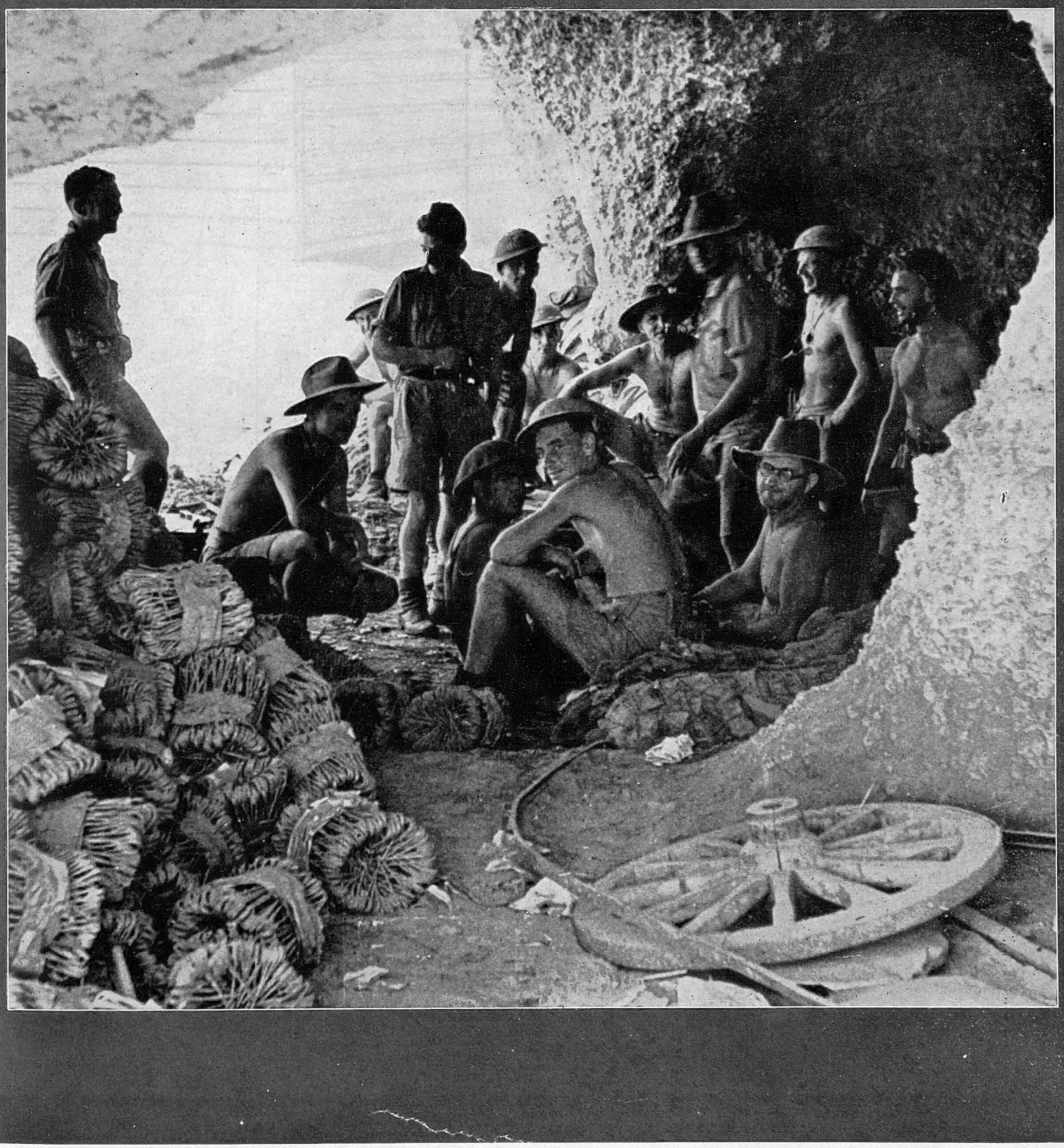
The SPHERE, London, September 6, 1941

THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, September 6, 1941



THE CAVEMEN OF TOBRUK: HOW THE AUSTRALIANS HAVE ADAPTED THEMSELVES TO LOCAL CONDITIONS

The "beleaguered" fortress of Tobruk is more than a thorn in the side of the enemy. Recently, it would appear that the initiative has passed to the Australians; and now the attackers are having to defend themselves against the assaults of the attacked! By day and night offensive operations are being carried out by the indomitable garrison, and the Germans have virtually confessed that they no longer dictate the style of fighting at Tobruk. Within the perimeter defences, thousands of the troops in and around the town and harbour have gone to ground—literally. To protect themselves from the continuous shelling and air bombardments the men live in caves, where vital work can be carried out free from the dangers above. This picture shows a group of men at the entrance to one of these caves which also serves as a useful place for storage of necessary impedimenta

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A WAR NEWSLETTER — No. 105

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

The Finns.—I quoted recently from a letter I received from Finland about the time when they entered the war against Russia. It had been written long before, and my correspondent told me of their unutterable relief at being out of their earlier war and of their determination to engage in no other which was not forced upon them. They had had, poor Finns, a bellyful of modern war. And they had actually begun another when I got the letter! *There* was pathos. Why did they do it? Their hatred of war was not less. They had not forgotten their wounds, which still ran. For two reasons they fought again. First, German pressure, which small nations still find it almost impossible to resist. Second, a very short-sighted idea that they could soon get back their stolen territory by joining in the swift defeat of Russia, and, having done that and having pulled out their own chestnuts, cease fire and pull out none for the Nazis. Short-sighted, because our charter has made it clear that war gains will not be peace gains, and that the peace must ensure the redrawing of the map of Europe, not on a basis of *status quo nunc*, or *status quo ante*, but on the strictest basis of racial and international justice. Nothing they can win or lose during the war is won or lost permanently. The Finns know this now, and they want peace even more than they wanted it before. Will they get it? Will they find that of two tyrants, the Nazis are the harder task-master, the more limpet-like Old-Man-of-the-Sea? Will they have to pay many more drops of blood for their pound of flesh to the No. 1 Shylock?

How Does He Know?—Our sailor prince (later King George V), when serving on the North America station, one day read an inspired gossip column which informed the world that he was "tattooed all over his body." In his diary, he briefly commented: "How the devil do they *know*?" I am sometimes inclined to ask the same question about Mr. W. J. Brown's gipsy-warnings and inspired jeremiads. Mr. Brown (I always presume) is one of our official Jeremiahs, put up by authority (and primed with proofs) to keep us up to concert-pitch and to throw cold water on any spark or sign of the cheerfulness which leads to slackness breaking in. Otherwise, I should ask: "*How the devil does he know?*" He has told us at various times that, if Hitler gains a footing in England, he will certainly deport all our daughters to Nazi stews in the Reich, and so treat our young men that the race of Englishmen will be doomed to extinction. With the evidences of propaganda before us from Poland and Czechoslovakia, none of us is likely to be outspokenly critical of Mr. Brown's statements of bald fact, and I doubt not that those realistic warnings did much to key up our war effort in the weeks which followed the utterance of them. But in his last jeremiad Mr. Brown rather contradicted himself in an urgent warning that we must expect invasion in the next few weeks. The evidences of this may indeed be piling up again in official files put at Mr. Brown's disposal. Barge concentrations again, invasion troops in training, orders for gliders and troop carriers and so on. But whether or no such evidences are accumulating, Mr. Brown's arguments in this address contradicted themselves.

Invasion this Autumn.—Admittedly, an invasion of Britain takes an infinite amount of careful preparation. Hitler is a man (it is a chief plank in Mr. Brown's platform) of infinite resource and quite outstanding ability for planning ahead, planning for success, with a genius for cutting his losses, conserving his resources and switching from a project proven to be too expensive, to one more certain of less costly success. He will undertake no project which has not been prepared and perfected to the last boot-button. The Russian war is by no means over. Hitler's bomber-squadrons are not yet, in preponderating numbers and newly-reorganised, on the Western Front, and, to achieve that, still more decisive results in the East and then several weeks of preparation and regrouping must intervene. No one dares to suggest that Hitler has abandoned the idea of invading England—far from it. But that, in the circumstances existing, he should launch his attack within the next six weeks seems to us, who have not Mr. Brown's evidences to hand, to contradict Mr. Brown's argument that Hitler never strikes until he has sewn on the last button which may ensure success. Perhaps you read between the lines of my paragraph. I regard Mr. Brown's pictures as just a little too black and biased, while I appreciate his patriotic motives and the official blessing on his work. I have a higher opinion of the British public than he or the Government has. I do not believe we need so many douches. I believe Mr. Brown's warnings would be better appreciated if he allowed a little "cheerfulness to break in" once in a while. And I should value his logic more highly if he did not take away with his left hand what he gives with his right. He strenuously defends the workers against charges, made by ignorant black-coats, of slackness, and then he bashes those workers on the head for their blindness and folly in slacking off, from a belief in a swift and easy victory. This may be official propaganda, but it is not effective propaganda; and it is tiresome radio talk.

Boost and Jeremiad.—I am reminded of one of the few remarks which are free from posturing and artificiality, made by St. Ives in Stevenson's novel. Flora and her brother are entertaining the French prisoner when her Aunt's footstep is heard. They suggest hiding him under the sofa. "My dear creatures," said I, "*let us die, but do not let us be ridiculous.*" Let that be Britain's slogan to-day. This is a footnote to my remarks on Mr. Brown's, and other official cold douches and gipsy warnings. I am convinced the British public is not so weak or foolish as Authority seems to think it, and is not likely to lose its head and its impetus because things are temporarily better. We don't need these cold douches, and we cannot fight through another war-winter without hope and without confidence and cheerfulness. In official quarters, we are always pointing out instances of Goebbels contradicting himself in his Lie-propaganda. We are blind to our own inconsistencies. Here 's an instance: At the very hour when Brown and a half-dozen Ministers were turning on the cold tap and assuring us that Hitler, despite his Eastern commitments, had enough troops, planes and material to give him the means to launch an immediate and total invasion of these islands, Sir Hugh Knatchbull-Hugessen was handing to the Turks a report on Allied gains. This tabled, among other facts: (1) Five-sevenths of Germany's army of 7,000,000, *including all her crack divisions*, are engaged in the East; 90 per cent. of her tank strength is engaged. (2) She has lost in the East at least 1,000,000 men, or 15 per cent. of her fighting strength. (3) The tonnage of Allied merchant shipping sunk all over the world in July was the lowest since war began (except during the two months before France fell). (4) During the past ten weeks, imports of merchandise to Britain exceeded 850,000 tons. (5) In January, Bomber Command made 1,100 sorties and raids against the enemy, dropping 800 tons of bombs. In July it made just under 4,000 raids, and dropped 4,400 tons of bombs. The weekly average has multiplied seven times. We jeer at Goebbels for giving one set of "facts" to *this* country and a totally contradictory set to *that*. What about this progress report to Turkey and those contradictory cold douches to Britain? "Let us die, but do not let us be ridiculous"—and do not let our Ministers make us appear ridiculous.

Assassination.—Laval is vermin. Compared with him, Marat was a Galahad. Vermin is only fit for extermination; but for human vermin the method of liquidation should be left to God. Nothing will ever persuade me that, however vile the victim, assassination can be justified on any grounds whatsoever, of morality or of justice or of political sense. Laval's case proves it. The attempt to assassinate this foul and bestial traitor instantly gave a handle to those who wish to whitewash his black record. A few simple lies, child's-play to any modern propagandist, and Laval could be made to appear a selfless patriot, ready to forgive and die for his country in the odour of sanctity. Every assassin is a *crétin*, or, at the best, an ignorant or egotistical fool. Such were Charlotte Corday and Felton. Such fools pretend to know better than God what is the bitterest form of punishment for a tyrant or traitor. Wise men know that Laval alive is ever on the rack of conscience, Laval dead is at peace. Napoleon on St. Helena was in hell, Napoleon in the Invalides is in Valhalla. To assassinate a tyrant or traitor is to save him from the only punishment which can fit his crimes—the awful experience of realising in life the depth of his infamy and final absurdity.

The Premier's Oratory.—The chief value of the Premier's war-time oratory lies in the fact that he is not afraid of the old traditional oratorical frills. In times of crisis men's minds are not normal. Hearts grow susceptible, sentiment breaks in, and in moments of great anxiety men forget the practical, hard cynicism bred of security and prosperity, and fall back on those eternal, moral, religious and even nursery verities which held and guided them when all their world was young and innocent. The whole world which listened to Mr. Churchill last week was in this state of mind. A lesser man, a less shrewd propagandist might have hesitated to employ the frills which Cicero did not scorn, nor Burke, in the great days of oratory—but which were out of fashion in the 1930's. In his invocation to courage, patience and hope addressed to the enslaved nations, Mr. Churchill showed no such hesitation, and as a result he produced a passage as telling as touching, as forcible as sympathetic. He knew his audience; that is the first secret of successful oratory. He knew the present condition of the minds which he was wooing and winning, and it will surprise me if we do not gradually learn that his wooing was winning. War makes people very "old-fashioned," and old-fashioned oratory hits them where they are softest. Mr. Churchill is the most shrewd and hard-headed sentimentalist in the distinguished roll of wartime orators.

Land Hunger.—The whole extent of the German Reich would go easily into the territory which Hitler has already won from Russia. This is an important acquisition—on paper. In fact, the value of the land has sadly deteriorated in the transfer. This slice of Europe is added to the rest of Europe (bar Switzerland and Sweden and Portugal) to make Hitler one of the biggest landowners in the world. But even the country squire who owns 2,000 acres knows that land ownership carries its obligations and burdens, and under modern conditions can hardly be regarded as a paying proposition. In Hitler's case it is comforting for the Allies and disturbing for Hitler to remember that land acquired by aggression carries even more grievous burdens than land acquired by inheritance or purchase. When he has adequately policed his slice of the earth's surface, his great armies are sadly reduced as a mobile fighting force; and when he has even inadequately fed his serfs, his winter supplies of foodstuffs may be sadly cut into. And there are always poachers and trespassers to be feared. For Hitler the ownership of land, under these conditions of acquisition, is much more akin to the ownership of jewels by a foolish, vain woman to-day. No one gives a party at which even a selection of them can be worn. They must be but a money-eating asset. They must be constantly guarded from the chances of theft; they must be heavily insured. Among all his obsequious acquaintances there can be few to-day so far removed from realities as to flatter the Führer's pride of possession of so much glittering wealth, which is purely potential, constantly threatened, an everlasting anxiety, and a vanity which can never, never give a moment's enjoyment or afford even an hour of respect or deference.

THE OLD STAGER

A LETTER FROM THE CONTROLLER OF SALVAGE

London Region Salvage Drive, September 13-27.

SALVAGE DEPARTMENT, MINISTRY OF SUPPLY,
LONDON, S.W.1.

August 25, 1941.

THE EDITOR, Dear Sir,

I shall be glad if you will print this letter in your valued journal with a view to drawing the attention of your many readers to the great Salvage Drive which is being undertaken by this Department in collaboration with the various local authorities comprising the Greater London Region.

Now, more than ever before, the need for salvage is urgent, particularly for WASTE PAPER of every type.

In most businesses it frequently happens that quantities of old correspondence files, price lists, labels, wrappings, cartons, posters and display material accumulate over many years, which for one reason or another have become obsolete. They may have been forgotten or kept "in case they may come in useful some day." That Day Has Come. The Country needs that material, and needs it NOW.

I therefore appeal to all your readers, particularly those closely concerned with such supplies, to instruct their staffs to go through any stocks of paper or card, and their old records, to see how much can be turned over to Salvage.

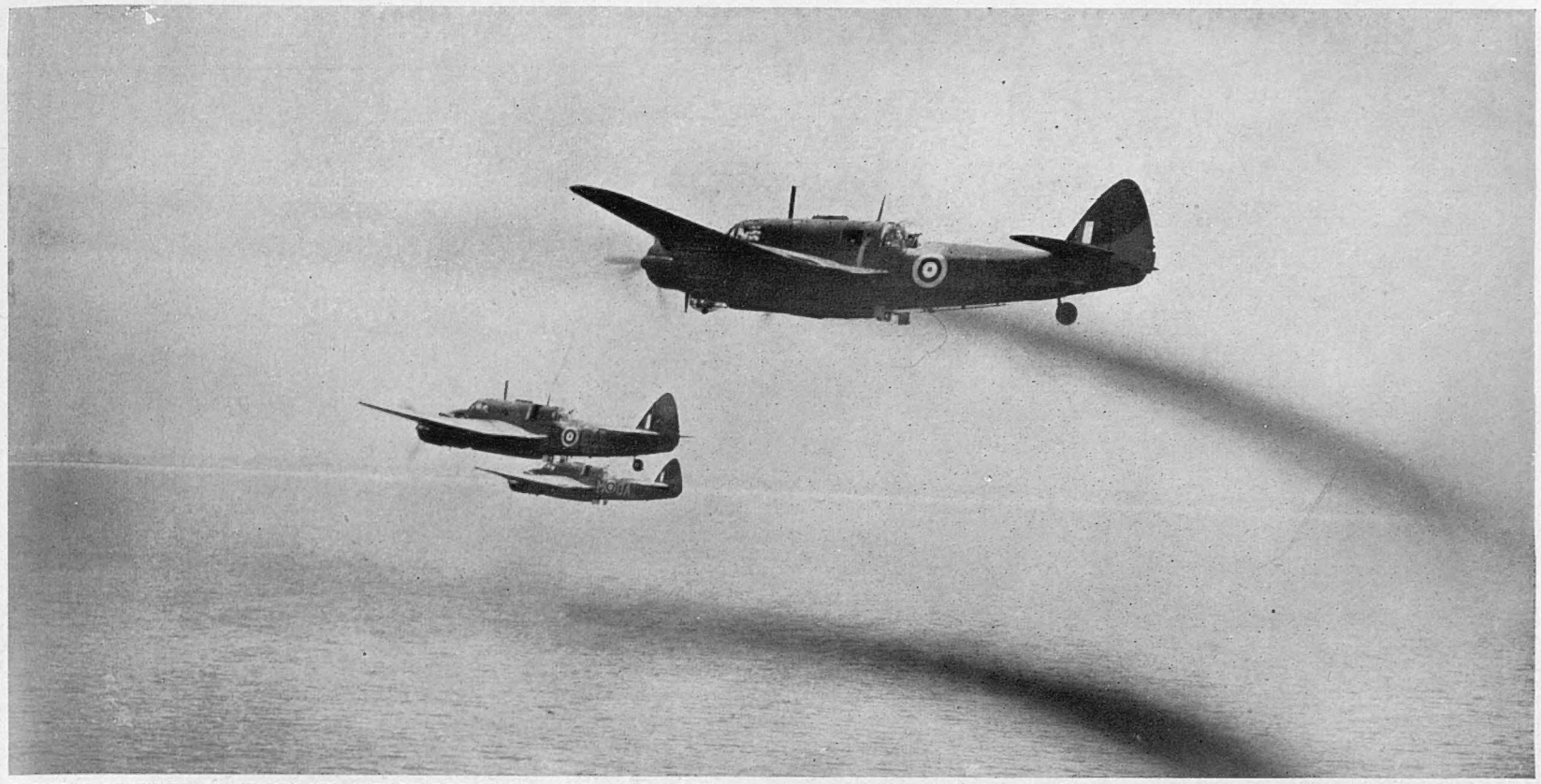
Let us not forget any old (but no longer valuable) records of past business, bound or loose Trade Papers, Ledgers, Directories, etc., which are often retained but so infrequently referred to. They will make a grand contribution to the common cause—the cause of Victory.

Nothing is too little—the paper of one old envelope will make a cartridge wad—and the Country wants it all.

Any such material will be collected by your usual merchant or the local Council, but, in the event of any difficulty, a postcard to the Council Office will receive prompt attention.

Yours faithfully,
(*Signed*) H. G. JUDD, Controller of Salvage.

P.S.—Since the war, enough waste paper alone has been recovered to fill a string of lorries stretching from London to Glasgow—over 370,000 tons. The supply line must carry on.



A FLIGHT OF THREE BEAUFORTS SET OUT ON PATROL TO HUNT FOR ENEMY SHIPPING IN THE CHANNEL : The Squadron to which these aircraft belong has been a scourge for the Germans from Greenland to Norway and right down to the Bay of Biscay

"ACTING FLYING OFFICER DUCK (UNPAID)," won in a raffle, is always on parade when the Squadron takes off

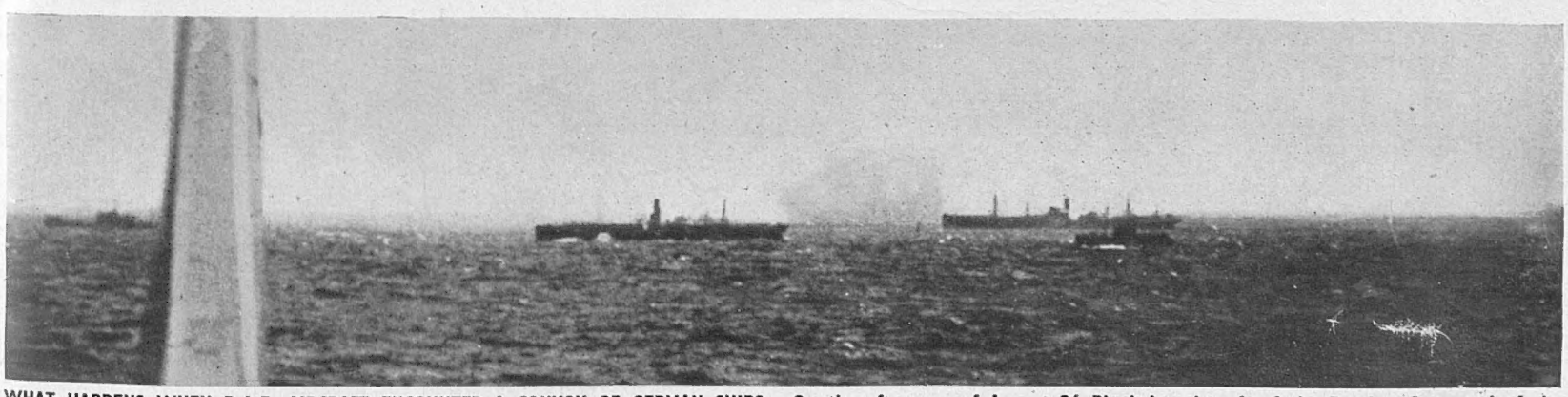
THE WATCH ON THE ENGLISH CHANNEL

By the Coastal Command of the R.A.F.

After sinking some 105,000 tons of enemy shipping during the course of operational flights ranging from Greenland to Norway, all down the German, Dutch, Belgian and French coasts to Bordeaux, and out into the Bay of Biscay, a Beaufort Squadron of the Royal Air Force Coastal Command has now been set to keep watch over the English Channel—particularly at night, when the enemy try to slip their supply vessels through under the cover of darkness. These pictures tell the story of this particular Squadron : many other squadrons are, of course, co-operating in this night-and-day patrol in the Channel, and harrying enemy shipping all down the occupied coast. Their successes have been extraordinary, and must have terrified the Germans, whose transport systems inland are obviously in a state of disorganisation. The Beaufort has been proved to be an ideal type for these long-distance patrols and offensive operations

THE JOB OF WORK HAS STARTED : The pilot of a Beaufort carries his own mascot propped against the cabin window

THE OBSERVER SITS IN THE NOSE OF THE AIRCRAFT, with his charts on a small table in front of him



WHAT HAPPENS WHEN R.A.F. AIRCRAFT ENCOUNTER A CONVOY OF GERMAN SHIPS : On the afternoon of August 26 Blenheim aircraft of the Bomber Command of the R.A.F. came on a convoy of German shipping to the south-west of Ijmuiden, off the Dutch coast. A large cargo vessel received two direct hits ; there was a heavy explosion, and fire broke out amidships (seen on the right in the above picture), and afterwards the vessel was seen to sink

NEW BATTLE PICTURES FROM THREE FRONTS

DEFENDERS OF THEIR HOMES IN RUSSIA—A band of Cossack volunteers in action against the Germans : The Cossacks were ever a free and independent people. In the present war against the hordes of invaders many of these fine fighting men are serving with Marshal Budenny's Army in the Ukraine. Many others have joined the Popular Volunteer Force and are serving in various capacities at the front and to the rear of the German main forces. These men constitute a very real threat to the enemy's lines of communications—they are hardy and indomitable and capable of the most surprising feats of horsemanship

THE MEN WHO HAVE BEEN PLAYING HAVOC BEHIND THE GERMAN LINES : These deadly guerillas are typical of thousands. Without uniform, they are operating with great success in the rear of the invading Germans. Knowing the countryside thoroughly, they have been making chaos of the enemy's communications and transport. In many cases they have organised themselves into strong bands and put up pockets of resistance which have inevitably held up further advances by the Germans. It is interesting to note from this picture (sent direct from Moscow by radio) how the guerillas have armed themselves

THE GRANARIES OF RUSSIA ARE LAID WASTE IN THE UKRAINE : Here is evidence of the literal manner in which the orders of Stalin are being carried out. Before retreating from a Ukrainian town, huge granaries were set on fire by the Red Army. The local peasantry made sure that what the fire had not destroyed would not be left for the invaders : they searched the smouldering piles, secured the unscorched grain and made off with it before the Germans arrived

IN TOBRUK : THE MEN WHO CONVERTED THEMSELVES INTO A GUN BATTERY FORMED WITH CAPTURED ITALIAN ARTILLERY

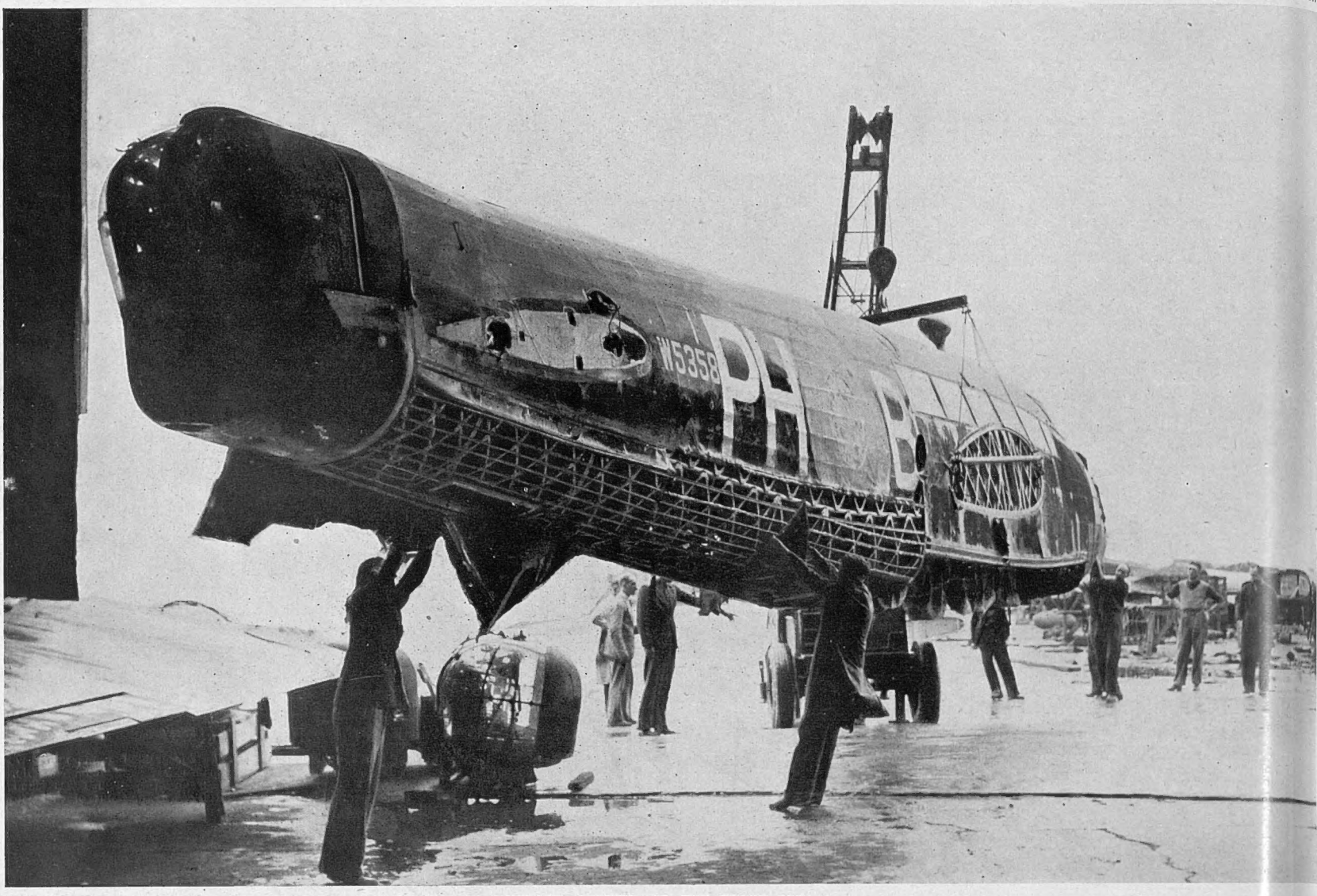
Near the wire, within easy range of enemy guns, is a group of men whose part in the defence of Tobruk is as unique as it is invaluable. Infantry all, they brought in several Italian 7·5-in. guns, repaired those which needed it, dug gun positions, formed gun crews, which were made up of cooks, orderlies and all but artillerymen! They found ample ammunition to feed the guns, and a short while ago when the enemy attempted to take a forward position these men fired 1,100 rounds into the enemy's lines in the course of two hours! For trained gunners this would be no mean achievement, and for this scratch crew the performance was highly commendable. Their firing, checked by an Artilleryman, was found to be most accurate. This picture was taken during an actual alarm and shows the members of the "Bush Battery" dashing out of their stone hut in the desert to take up action stations

AUGUST 28 : THE R.A.F.'S BIG ATTACK ON THE ROTTERDAM DOCKS—a close view of the attack in progress

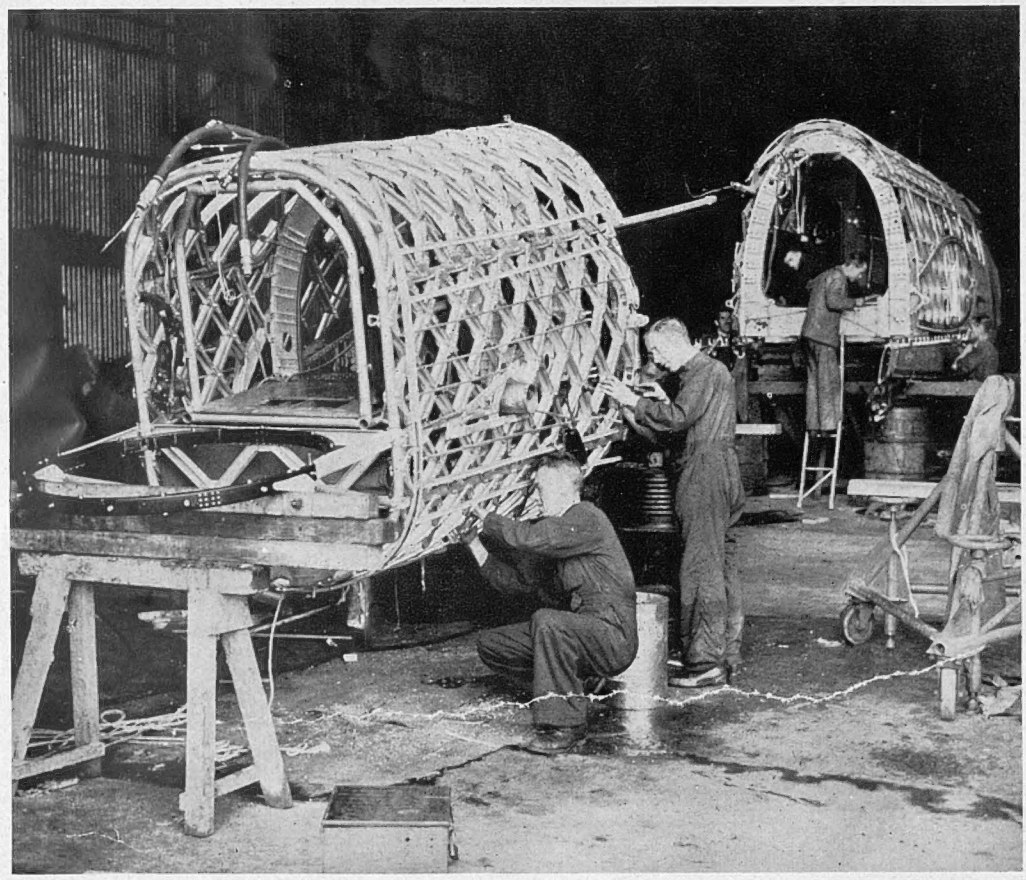
Flying as low as 20 ft. on occasion—at almost "mast-height"—Blenheim aircraft of the Bomber Command, R.A.F., made a determined attack on Rotterdam Harbour in full daylight on Thursday, August 28. The bombers were escorted by fighter aircraft, and their objective was the enemy shipping in the docks and shipyard installations. Despite heavy anti-aircraft fire from the ground defences and rifle fire from the garrison, the aircraft went in in line abreast and pressed home the attack, using bombs which had been fused to explode within a few seconds of impact. In this official picture enemy shipping is seen in the middle distance as the Blenheims roared away, leaving great clouds of smoke behind them from the many fires which they started

DAMAGED BOMBERS are MADE to FLY AGAIN:

A Series of Pictures Showing the Salvage of Damaged Wellingtons and Their Reconstruction

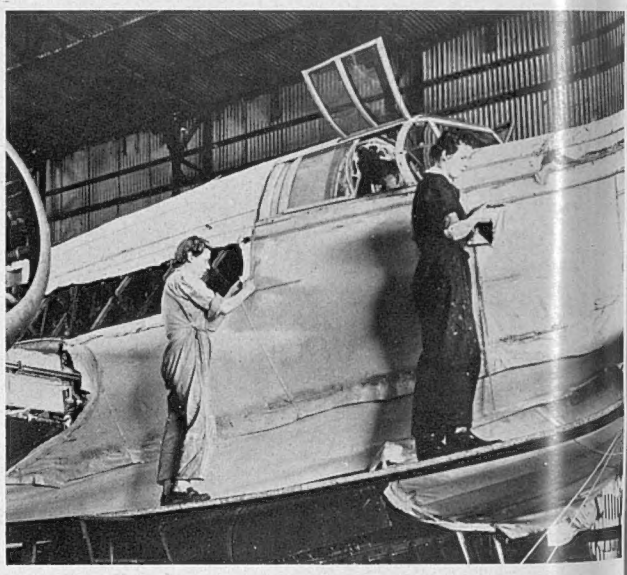


STRIPPED OF ITS WINGS AND ENGINES, A WELLINGTON FUSELAGE ARRIVES AT THE DEPOT FOR REPAIR: This portion of the aircraft is handled as one whole unit

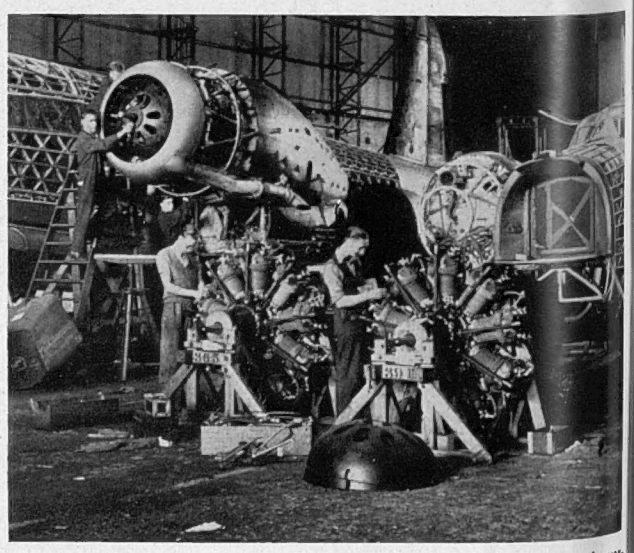


SECTIONS OF THE FUSELAGE BEING REPAIRED: A picture which demonstrates the unique "Geodetic" (or basket-work) construction of the Wellington bomber

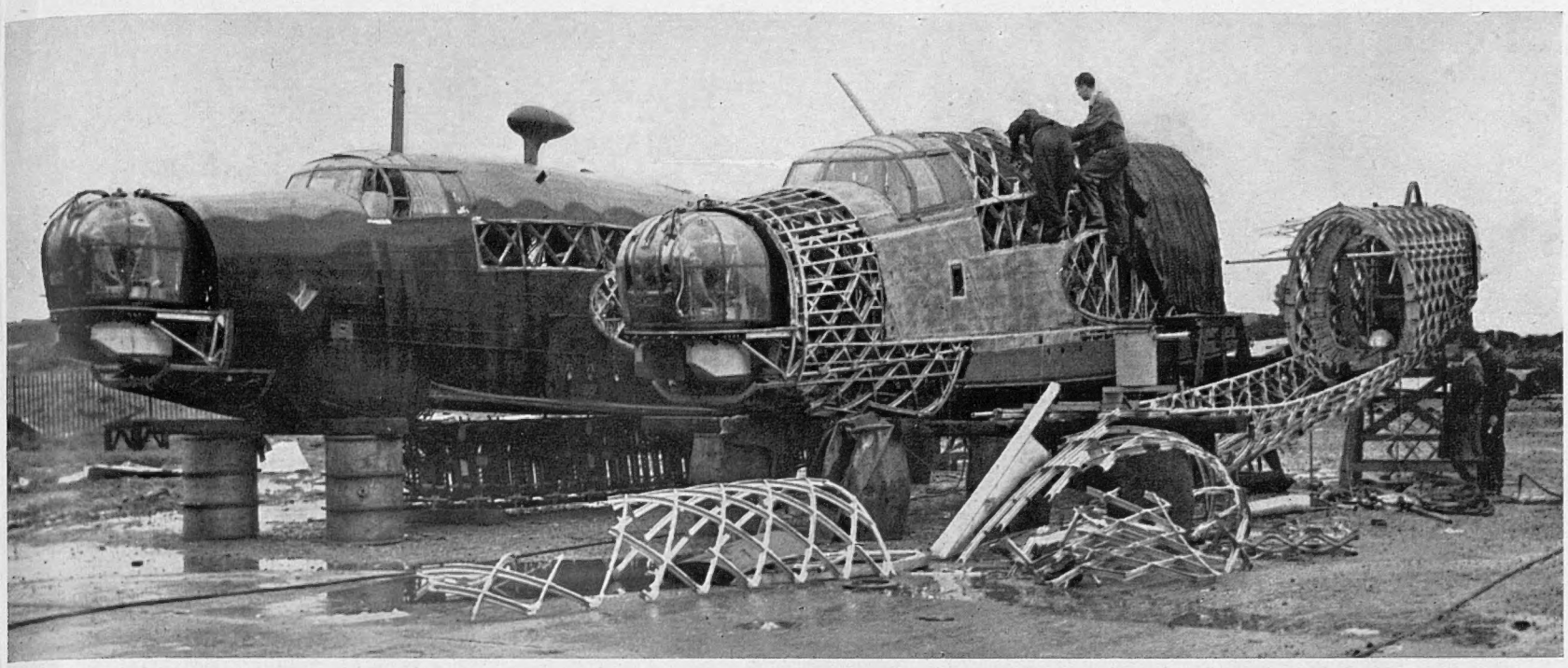
Bombers may be damaged during raids, or on other occasions, but all those which are not actually shot down over enemy territory are never entirely lost. The battle-scarred warriors, after their landing here, are flown to repair depots, where they are then stripped, examined and overhauled. Damaged parts are replaced by new sections, and the aircraft—in normal cases—is tested and returned to service within five days. Where the damage is too severe, however, the aircraft is then dismantled; all its usable instruments and parts are removed, and the rest of the metal is resmelted and used in the construction of other aeroplanes. The pictures reproduced on these pages were taken at a repair depot devoted to Wellington bombers; and these show admirably the unique construction of this fine type. The "Geodetic" principle involves the building of the members of the fuselage as long panels on longitudinal tubes or longerons. After the complete fuselage has been built up in "basket-work" fashion, the whole is covered with fabric, which is secured to the "Geodetic" members by a special wired-on method. Great strength and solidity are imparted to the aircraft by this method



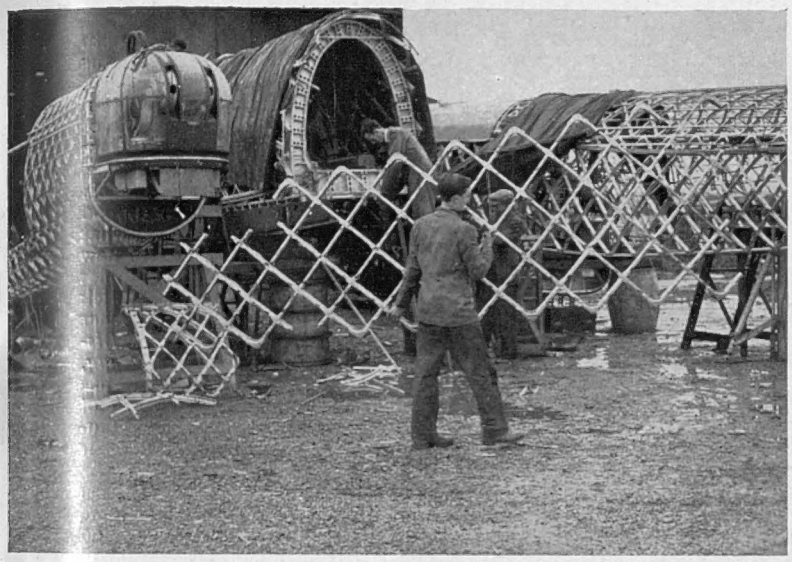
Women aircraft workers repairing the fabric which covers the intricate "Geodetic" framework of the Wellington



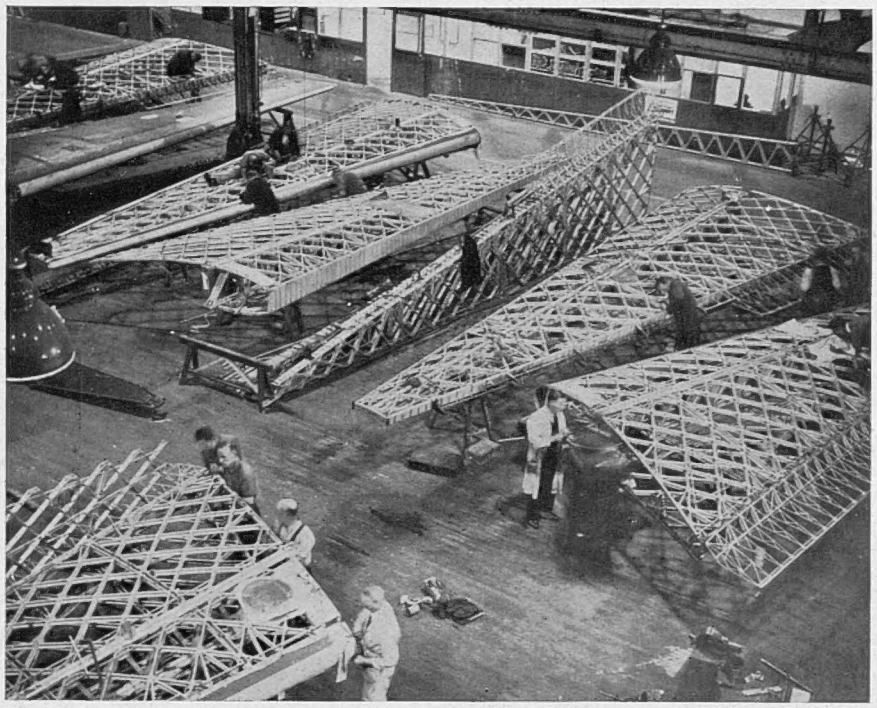
The Bristol Pegasus engines are removed from the wings and overhauled by highly-skilled mechanics



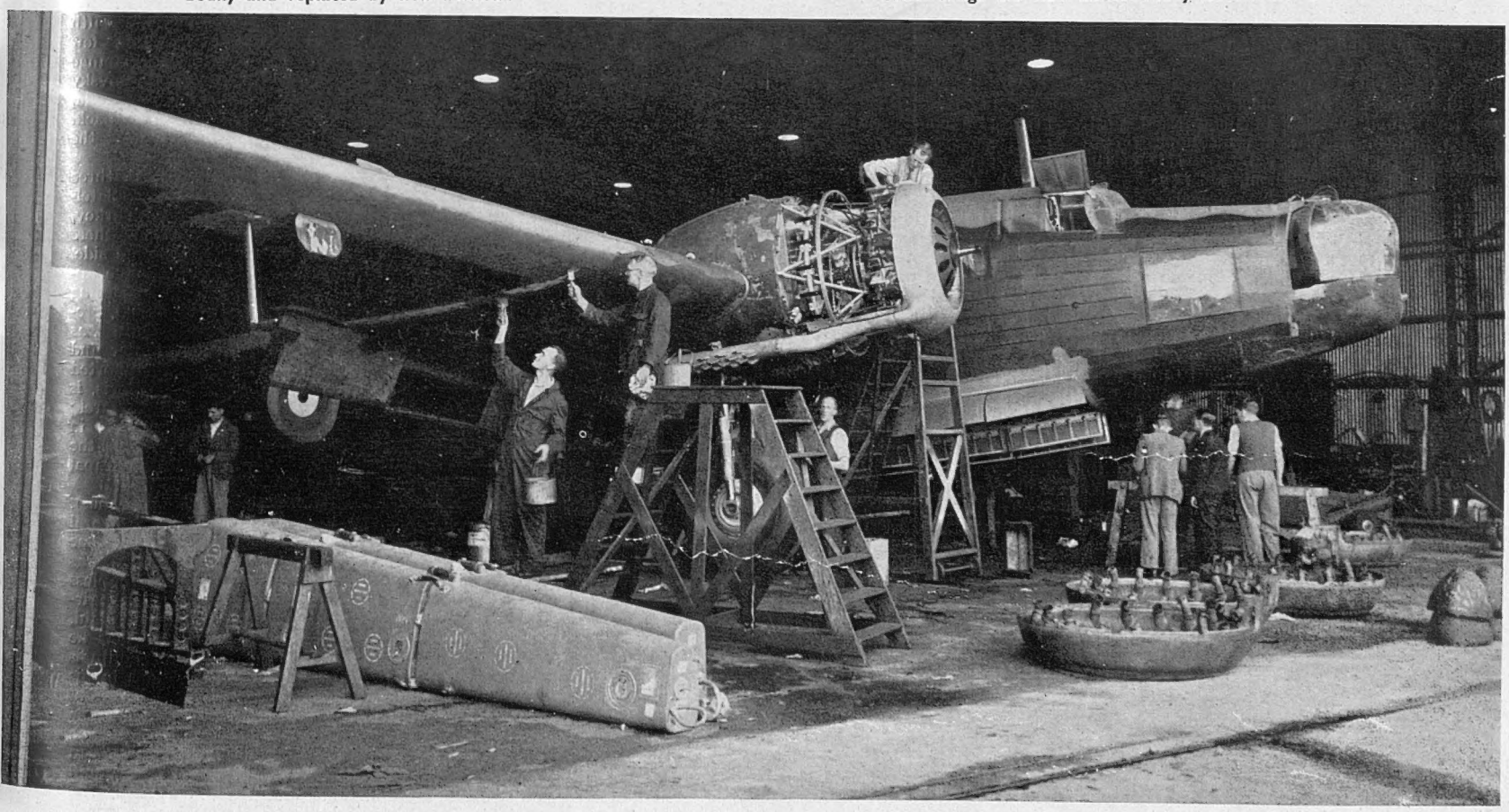
STRIPPING AND EXAMINING THE CASUALTIES—Wellingtons in various stages of repair at the Depot: By breaking the aircraft up into its principal components, the work of repair is speeded up, and waste—in both labour and in salvaged materials—is reduced to a minimum. Damaged portions can be cut out bodily and replaced by new material. The whole overhaul is carried out within a remarkably short space of time



REMOVING A DAMAGED SECTION: The affected portion is cut out of the aircraft bodily and replaced by new material



A SCENE IN THE SHOP AT THE REPAIR DEPOT WHICH SPECIALISES IN WING REPAIRS: These wings are now almost ready for further use



A DAMAGED WELLINGTON AFTER ITS COMPLETE RENOVATION: This damaged aircraft has been overhauled entirely—fuselage, wings and tail section—damaged portions have been replaced and the fabric renewed. It will soon be undertaking operational flights over enemy territory again

IN TWO YEARS MANY OF THE WAR LEADERS HAVE COME—AND GONE

Many Men Have Loomed Largely Over the Continent Since the Outbreak of the War, but Very Few of Them Have Stayed the Course During the First Two Years

By FERDINAND TUOHY

TWENTY-FOUR months have rolled poundingly by since the voices of Chamberlain and Daladier told 100,000,000 of their fellow-countrymen and women that the war against Hitlerism had begun. The other four top-liners of that September day retain their eminences, although one of them, Benito, is in sadly bruised state, and wouldn't be where he is but for German propping. Roosevelt, Hitler and Stalin continue to bestride events as they did in 1939.

I have been comparing departures and arrivals among leaders during the first two years of the last war and over a like period in its successor. As was to be expected, there has been far greater activity on each platform this time. Not for a century and a half can Europe have known such disintegration on the personal side. It is even problematical whether the Revolutionary Wars contributed so many removals and supersessions, suppressions and persecutions as the years 1939 to 1941 have already produced.

Some of the casualties will, no doubt, be heard from again should the Nazis go down. The majority will not. The stresses of war either found them out, or they suffered misfortune from which there 's scant chance of return. Until the time comes when the founding of a more thoughtful system engages men's minds, names that meant something in the '30's will not exactly be sought out. Yet those who 've become unstuck or been buffeted have at least the consolation of knowing that a number of the new arrivals in their stead will remain only as long as Hitler does.

Britannia seems to have mislaid all save three of the high officers of State with which she entered the war, and by an oddity the three survivors were with the Admiralty at the start: Winston Churchill, and Admirals Pound and Cunningham. The Royal Navy has had the steadiest passage, with only one major change—Admiral Tovey for Admiral Forbes. Mr. Alexander's succession to Mr. Churchill meant promotion for both; not the same thing as Mr. Eden's taking over from Mr. Hore-Belisha, and Sir Archibald Sinclair's supersession of Sir Kingsley Wood.

With Air Marshals Portal, Piersse, Sholto-Douglas and Joubert, the R.A.F. has been basically refitted in leadership. This is no reflection on predecessors—Newall, Dowding, Bowhill—whose names will be permanently bracketed with the decisive Battle of Britain, first all-aerial battle in history. But fresh outlooks were wanted. The slightest suggestion of aerial slowness required to be forestalled.

The Army has had its radical change-over, too. The curtain rose on Ironside, Gort and Wavell. Today it is Dill, Brooke and Auchinleck, each as yet varyingly untried in his present post. Ironside, I might mention, based his hopes on resounding Mediterranean victory by the side of the French, and did not think we could get at Germany for a long time unless Chamberlain succeeded in bringing Russia into a Peace Front. On Gibraltar, Lord Gort will not have to contend with military circumstances even remotely resembling the whirl of retreat from Louvain to Dunkirk. General Wavell's war has been such an extraordinary affair that one has good ground to hope for more!

On the political side, Chamberlain hung on until the house began to shake. Simon went to adorn the Woolsack, and he should be a warning to men who, brilliant at their own jobs, think to float with ease into such a specialised realm as foreign affairs. Halifax was moved to America, where he yet has to make good—if he returns there. Chatfield's co-ordinating of defence and supply lost some of its *raison d'être* when the oncoming Prime Minister applied himself to those problems.

Turning to the arrival platform, we have provided the greatest new chief of the war in Mr. Churchill. Bevin may be yet more important in the future than he is now. Beaverbrook electrifies from the centre of the stage, when in the last war he gave shocks to war leaders from the wings. And the return of Eden could work out as singularly suited to a grand deliverance of the Continent.

There 's been nothing like the above personal commotion in the Dominions, where Smuts, Mackenzie King and Fraser look to be well set, if Menzies has left for pastures new.

In September 1939 I was commissioned to write a book on Democracy's wartime leaders. Scarcely had the opus appeared six months later, than my choices began crashing. Take the six Frenchmen I selected: Daladier, Gamelin, Darlan, Georges, Vuillemin, Noguès (at the time neither Reynaud nor Weygand were fulfilling the rôles they later came to play).

Daladier is to-day a shrunken, sick man at Vals-les-Bains, though whether he and his unfortunate companions are actually in prison is not clear. Daladier was a sad-faced dreamer who worked by authoritarian fits and starts and got peoples' backs up. Percy Philip of the *New York Times* used to call him "a frightened little man." If so, the fright was of his job, which he probably knew was too big for him. He was straight, anyway. Gamelin was even more of a dreamer and tethered to the last war. Having finished his voluminous apologia, his stand-by in captivity has now veered wholly to prayer. Darlan—well, we 've heard enough and to spare of this political-admiral who has lowered France into far deeper fathoms than did any of those land-admirals who loomed so notoriously under the *ancien régime*. Field C.-in-C. Georges wanted to fight from Africa and was "voluntarily retired." So was Air Chief, ex-ranker Vuillemin for the same reason. Noguès

ADMIRAL SIR PERCY NOBLE, who is the "Commander-in-Chief of the Western Approaches"—a new and important office in naval history

sticks on in Morocco, and they may yet be proved right who refuse to abandon hope of one married to a daughter of Delcassé.

Cocksure little Reynaud had the right idea, but came too late and was borne under, partly of his own doing. Under arrest, he concentrates on physical culture. Weygand survives principally in the reflected aura of Foch, whose deepest sentiments have been betrayed.

On the French arrival platform are to be found that repugnant old man and defeatist dodderer, Pétain, whose Verdun apotheosis was largely contributed by Castlenau and Nivelle; and with him Darlan, Laval, de Brinon, and Deloncle, late of the Hooded Men. And standing by himself—de Gaulle. Banker Baudouin of the bogus *mystique* faded out after a flying start at Bordeaux, and so have others of his kidney. Three journalist Brain Trusters are stoking the "National Revolution" cerebrally: Romier in Vichy, and Luchaire and Déat in Paris. One further Frenchman has to be included: Thorez, the Communist leader, who escaped to Moscow. De Gaulle and Thorez, hopes of countless opposite Frenchmen, both come from Lille and each is under death sentence.

The French collapse was deliberately developed and accelerated by a body of men who saw a chance to ward off domestic revolution by submitting to France's worst foe. These men, from Pétain down, hated raising their own working class more than they hated impotence and degradation under the conqueror, and at the rate Vichy and Laval-Paris are going, lorries will scarcely one day be enough in replacement of the tumbrils of 1793.

Although one is apt to overlook the fact because of Mussolini's continuance, a striking collection has become unstuck in Italy, and this is the more noteworthy because of repeated boasts that such things would not happen under a totalitarian system which chose men on merit and trained them to expertism. Badoglio's resignation was justified by subsequent events. Graziani was beaten to a frazzle, sick man or not. Navy chief Cavaginari and Air Chief Valle were others to fall below the Bullfrog's inflated conceptions, together with the raving Blackshirt Governor of the Dodecanese. Elimination of other Fascist leaders was encompassed by their dispatch to the real front line in Epirus. Two secretaries of the Party, Starace and Muti, were removed in quick succession. Balbo was apparently bumped off. And there are reports that Grandi, supposed to be Minister of Justice, is under observation on account of his recoil from the *Tedeschi*.

Who, indeed, remains of Fascist Italy? Ciano is a weird sort of Foreign Minister who can be sent to the wars for show purposes without his being missed. The reins are now more than ever in the faltering hands of Gauleiter Mussolini, in which connection we should do well to note the few new men of worth who come forward under these dictatorships when their country needs them most. I cannot think of one arrival of importance in Fascist Italy unless it be Alfieri.

At first sight the Nazi departure platform appears to contain but one figure: Hess. That, however, would be a superficial way to look at matters. There is good ground for supposing that Hitler does not openly supersede failures or men with whom he collides on war issues, but that he keeps them on nominally while handing their jobs to others. This in order to keep the multitude impressed by the stable excellence of his entourage.

Göring may not have lost both legs, but he has certainly lost status to Kesselrode if not to Milch, and he looks a mentally sick man. Goebbels steadily goes the way of all professional liars: more and more he must prise open German beaks in order to introduce his rubbish. Himmler's job has soared beyond Fouché's Continental record, but what of Ribbentrop? How's his stock now that the dozens of Soviet Republics have shown no thought but to stick one by the other? And does Raeder stand where he did after the *Bismarck*, *Scharnhorst* and *Gneisenau*, and the course the U-boat war has taken? We aren't likely to hear of it, either, should Keitel and Brauchitsch have failed to maintain their earlier appeal to the Führer. At any rate, their names have been singularly absent, and instead we hear of the newcomers, List and Rommel and Halder. Abetz, Todt (the Nazi modern version of a Vauban), and Inquart, the one first-class administrator among Quislings, are among others of a thin company on the Nazi arrival platform.

A NEW NAME TO MEMORISE: Rear-Admiral E. J. Spooner, who has just arrived at Singapore to take up his appointment as Rear-Admiral, Malaya, and in charge of the Naval Establishments at Singapore. He succeeds Rear-Admiral T. B. Drew

The Russians having attended to their Fifth Column *before* the deluge, there have been few personal fireworks so far. The one major change has been Molotov giving way to Stalin. Losovsky has put Goebbels in the shade in propaganda, and Litvinoff has made a partial come-back. But it is perhaps early yet to talk of the U.S.S.R.

Europe's smaller States are divisible into three categories: the Still Neutral, the New Order Satellites and the Captives. Among the first—Turkey, Spain, Portugal, Sweden and Switzerland—there have been no striking changes on the personal side, save possibly in Spain, where new names have appeared to reinforce the Suner policy. Concerning the second category, Hungary's Premier, Teléki, preferred suicide to dishonour; Rumania's Carol was lucky to get away before the hand of murder and Antonescu descended upon those who had supported him in government; the sneaking Coburg, Boris, is reputed to be searching for bomb-proof apparel; the Slovak Monsignor Tuca finds no difficulty in heiling the religion-destroying Hitler; and the assassin Pavelitch is installed at Zagreb after Papal blessing.

Of the eight Captive States (omitting France), the Governments of seven are in London. General Sikorski has supplanted Smigly-Rydz, held in some Nazi prison. Former President Benes again speaks for Czechoslovakia, as good as silencing the hapless Hacha (J. Masaryk is a good one in reserve). Air-General Simovitch has taken over from Prince Paul, whose whereabouts are kept dark, beyond that he is in British security. The aged Mynheer Colijn is in prison, but Professor Gerbrandy functions in his stead. M. Spaak is the resonant voice for Belgium, the while his prisoner King treats the Rexist Degrelle with disdain. Degrelle has made about as much headway as the Dutch Mussert and the Norwegian Quisling who now goes in fear of his life. So should all Quislings, prominent and small. Finally, the valiant Tsoudoros has taken the Grecian torch from Metaxas.

A hectic tale. And how far has it run?

THE CAMPAIGN IN RUSSIA: Propagandists and Fighting Men in the Titanic Struggle Along the 1,200-Mile Front

THE MAN WHO IS DIRECTING THE SOVIET'S PROPAGANDA: M. Alexander Lozovsky, who is proving such a great success in the technique which Goebbels thought he alone had mastered, is a man of sixty-three. He has been actively engaged in revolutionary affairs for forty years. As a young man he was arrested by the Tsarist police, but escaped to France. When the Revolution came in 1917 he returned to Russia. To-day his propaganda is being carried out by radio, leaflets, pictures and "personal" broadcasts: it is he who has ruined recent German broadcasting programmes by his interpellations

GENERAL KONIEFF, the Red Army leader who has been so successful around Gomel: In the fighting on the central Russian front it is the Army commanded by General Konieff which has hurled back the Panzer thrust of the German, von Bock. Little has been heard of Konieff in Europe, because he is regarded in Russia as a Far East specialist. He commanded the Second Far Eastern Army Corps, and played a big part in the fighting on the Mongolian border in 1938

A SOVIET PROPAGANDIST, ALEXEY TOLSTOI, a descendant of the great Tolstoi, who is a prominent figure in Russian affairs to-day. He is an active member of the Board of the Union of Soviet Writers, and a member of the Academy of Sciences and Deputy to the Supreme Soviet of the U.S.S.R.

THE SOVIET PILOT WHO RAMMED A GERMAN RAIDER: M. Talalikhin is a Russian fighter pilot. In mid-air recently he rammed a German bomber which was completely destroyed. Talalikhin escaped! He is here seen with his family and friends on leave after his thrilling exploit

A SOVIET BOMBER CREW WITH A FINE RECORD: This is the crew of a Soviet aircraft who operate under the command of an officer described as "Lieutenant B." These men have taken part in twenty air combats, and have also participated in the bombing of Constanza, Sulina and Tulcia

HOW THE GERMAN PROPAGANDA MACHINE WORKS: Obviously acting on directions from Goebbels himself, the present campaign opened with a big propaganda effort directed at the Russian soldier. Big loud-speakers blared forth propaganda designed to sap the resistance of the Red Army, and the enemy did not hesitate to use hand-microphones like the above. The Finns in this picture are trying to convince their Soviet opponents of the futility of resistance. Needless to say, these propaganda efforts have so far failed woefully!

BATTERED SMOLENSK—AS THE GERMANS FOUND IT: This picture was taken from the roof of the Hotel Smolensk after the Nazis had entered and found the centre of the town little more than a battered shell. Very fierce fighting took place here during the drive towards Moscow before it was finally evacuated by the Russians

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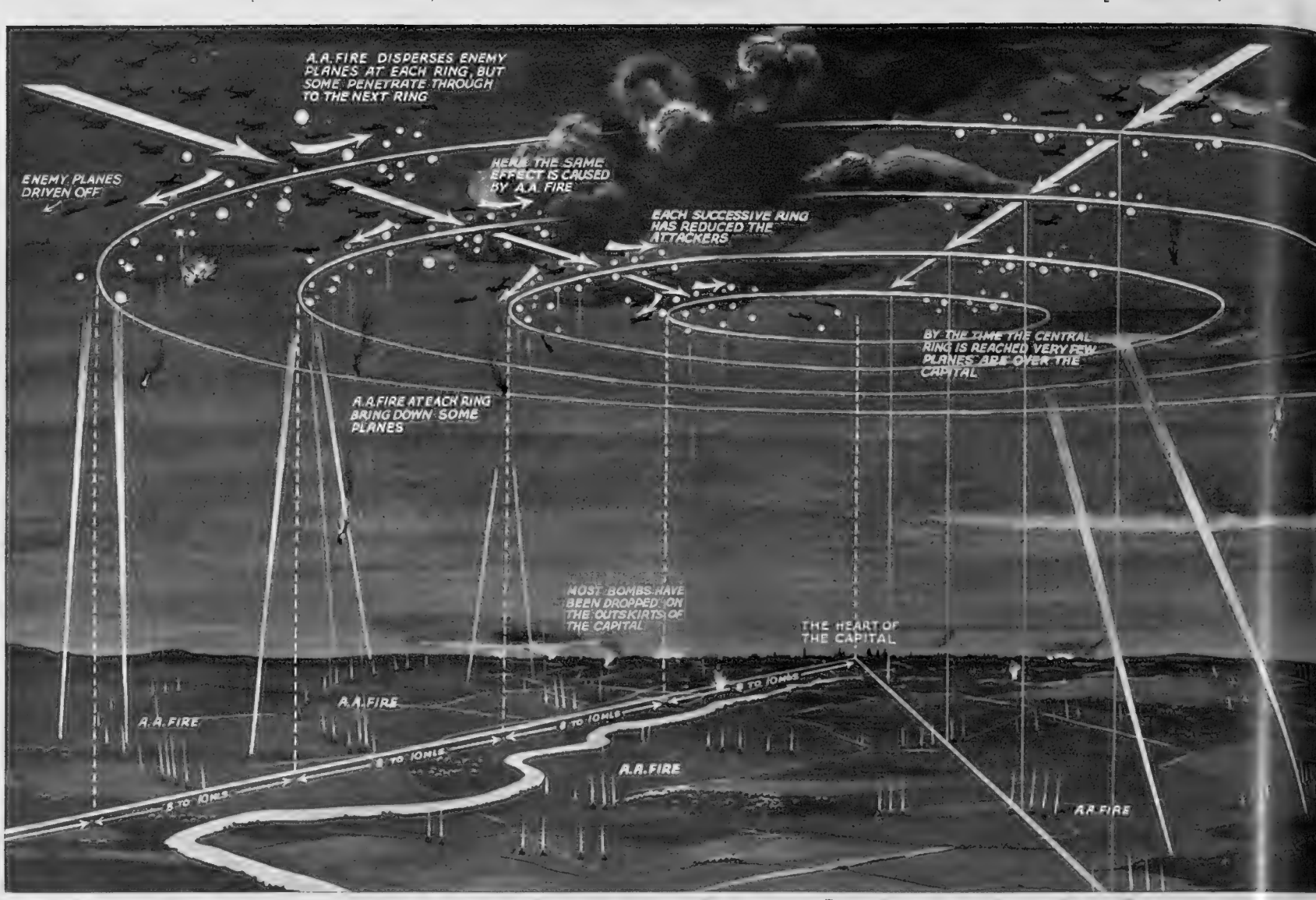


HOW THE GERMAN "LUFTWAFFE" HAVE BEEN BEATEN BY THE MOSCOW AIR DEFENCES: So far the enemy's bombing planes have been unable to bomb the Russian capital below detail how they have been foiled in their efforts—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

THE FOUR BIG TROOP CONCENTRATIONS ON THE LONG BATTLE-FRONT—and where the break-through to the Dnieper has occurred: A stable battle-line as it was known in the last war does not exist in Russia to-day. In its place are the four large zones shown here. At one of the vital "hinges"—in the Ukraine—the Germans have managed to push between two large forces of Russian troops and have reached the Dnieper and the town of Dnieprepetrovsk

ON July 19 Moscow staged an elaborate air-raid test—guns, planes and searchlights being brought into action. Two nights later the city experienced its first real raid from German bombers. It was calculated that some 200 planes were employed in the raid, but only a few aircraft succeeded in penetrating the ten or twelve rings of A.-A. gun batteries which are stated to surround the city. The raid started at 10 p.m. and lasted some five and a half hours. Several fires were started and there were a small number of casualties, including both killed and wounded. Expert observers said that it was what Londoners would describe as "a medium *Blitz*."

For a couple of weeks the inhabitants of the city were subjected to what must have been a considerable strain. Some eight to ten enemy planes would break through, but it was calculated that about 10 to 11 per cent. were being brought down. The skill and success of the Russian night fighters proved a great surprise to the German Bomber Command. The A.A. batteries are described as being very adroitly concealed and effectively disposed. The employment of a balloon barrage has also been referred to. Generally, the bombing planes have raced across the city, dropping their bombs at random, usually beginning with a discharge of high explosive of small to medium size, followed by a splattering of incendiaries. Large numbers of these occasionally fell on big buildings, but such was the disposition of the fire-fighting squads that they were generally put out with commendable rapidity.

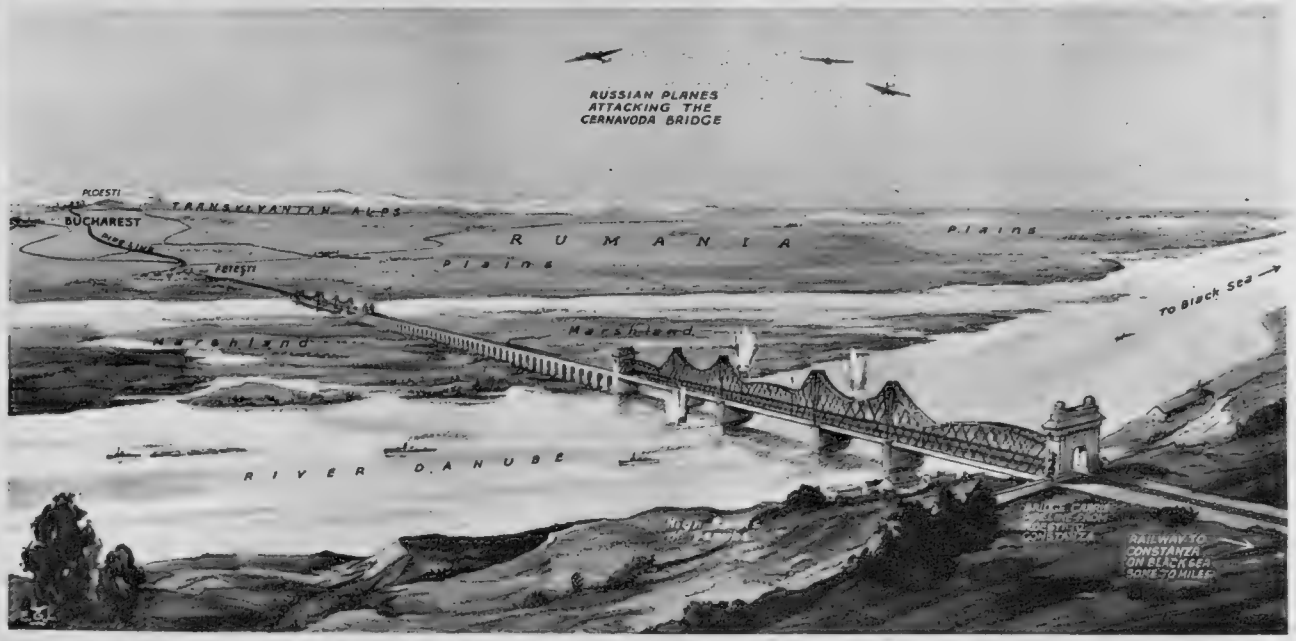
A big library and part of the Opera House were severely damaged, but the buildings which have chiefly suffered appear to be large apartment houses. No buildings are allowed to be unattended, especially at the week-ends.

THE COLOSSAL DNIEPROSTROI DAM AT ZAPOROZHE, the largest of its kind in the world, which was built at a cost of £100,000,000 and which has now been destroyed

WHERE THE WORKERS LIVE AT DNIEPROSTROI: A whole new city has been laid out here to house the thousands of Russians engaged at this vital centre of industry

effectively. This drawing and the notes

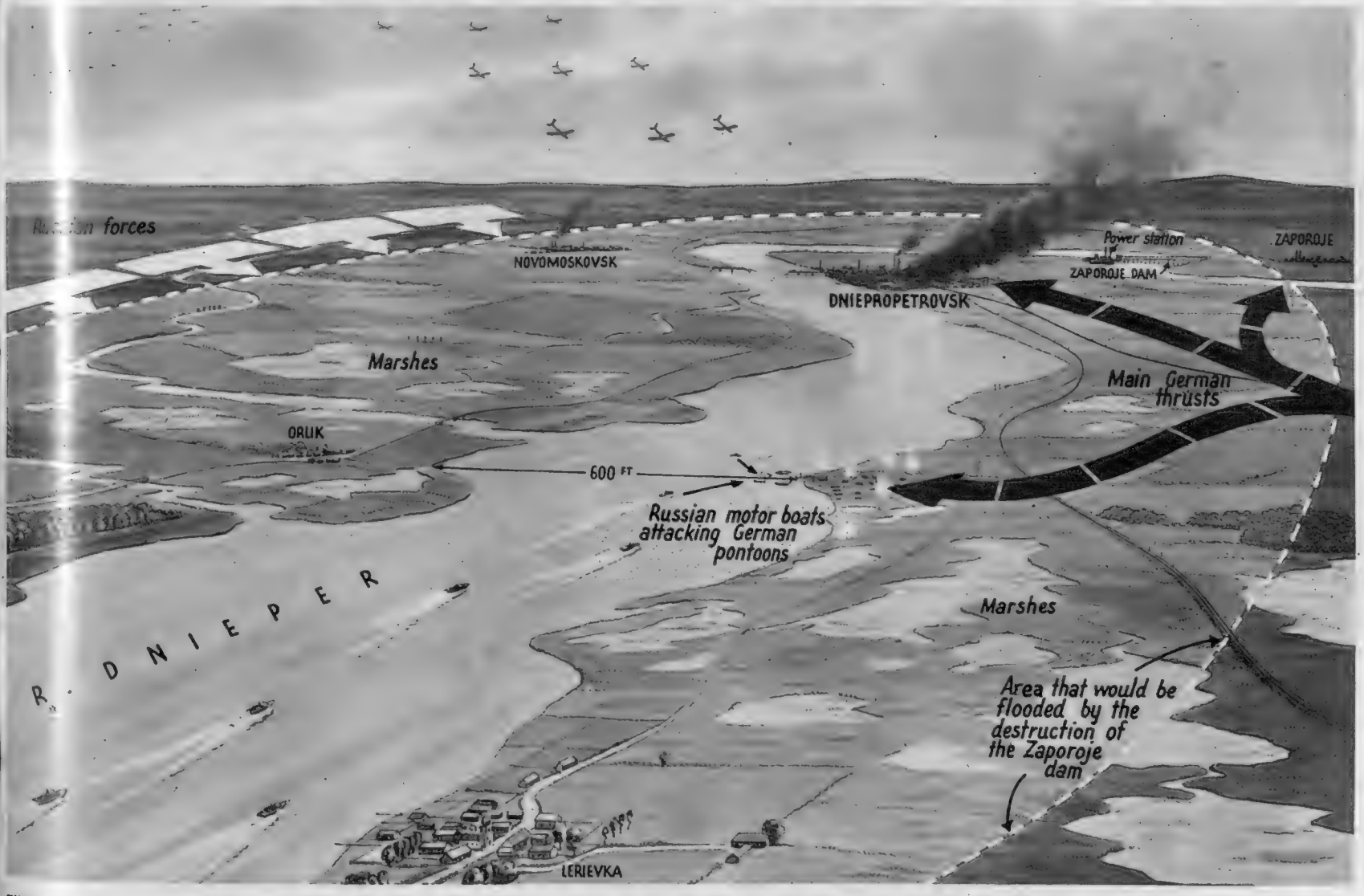
The AIR DEFENCE of MOSCOW and the GIANT ZAPOROZHE DAM



THE GREAT CERNAVODA BRIDGE ACROSS THE RIVER DANUBE, which carries the Ploesti oil pipe-line to Constanza, and which has now been bombed and damaged by the Red Air Force—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

Working from aerodromes in the southern sector of the battle zone, Russian bombers have been attacking points of vital military importance in Rumania. On several occasions the big oil refineries at Ploesti have been plastered with bombs, and an attack was also made on the great Cernavoda railway bridge, which crosses the Danube at the point where it turns northward to Braila and Galatz, which have also been bombed. The importance of the bridge lies in the fact that it carries the oil pipe-line from Ploesti to Constanza, the Black Sea port whence hundreds of tankers were in the habit of carrying oil to big refineries in various countries. The first accounts gave the impression that the bridge had been broken, but from subsequent messages it would appear that it was only damaged. There is no bridge across the Danube for 600 miles upstream and no bridge at all below it

On left—**A GROUP OF GERMAN PRISONERS OF WAR, captured by the Red Army in recent fighting**



THE GREAT STEEL CITY OF DNIEPROPETROVSK, reported to have been captured by the Germans: this city is situated on the Dnieper River, and lower down is the giant Zaporozhe Dam which has now been blown up by the Russians—*Drawing by L. Ashwell Wood*

Last week it was reported that the Germans had captured Russia's great steel centre of Dniepropetrovsk, which lies on the west bank of the River Dnieper some 250 miles to the south-east of Kiev, in the elbow of the river. This was one of the centres of Russian industry, with thirty metallurgical and machine-building plants in the vicinity and twenty-eight in the city itself, besides other mills and factories of importance. Its power station, built largely by American engineers, is one of the biggest in the world. Farther down the river was the great Zaporozhe Dam—showpiece of the Soviet Union—which was completed as recently as 1932. It is now known that the dam has been blown up by Stalin's orders. Built of ferro-concrete, the dam measured nearly half a mile and was constructed at a cost of £100,000,000; its importance to Russian industry cannot be over-estimated. By its means the river was raised by 100 ft.: consequently, now that it has been destroyed the whole of the country seen in the foreground of the above view would swiftly be flooded. The drawing has been made from a point to the north of Dniepropetrovsk: that city is on the west bank, and the river is flowing down to the Black Sea and finds its outlet far beyond Zaporozhe

A STRATEGIC MAP OF IRAN, the country into which British and Russian forces have just entered to counter Nazi plots: roads, railways, and mountain masses are all indicated here

From the Caucasus in the north, and from Iraq in the south, joint Russian and British forces are now in Iran; following on Nazi plots for domination of this highly strategic region, the Allied forces are now advancing to safeguard Allied interests. Iran is a comparatively large territory, seven times the size of Great Britain; but with a sparse population of some 15,000,000 people. For the most part it is inhospitable, mountainous country; but it is one of the world's big oil-producers—hence the interest of the Germans, who doubtless had hopes of forcing a way through Southern Russia into this region. The main railway system runs from south to north—from the Persian Gulf to the Caspian Sea. The capital, Teheran, is within easy reach of the latter, by means of a very good road recently built by order of the Shah

THE SHAH OF IRAN, twenty-four years ago a private soldier; to-day the dictator of a kingdom

WHERE IRAN IS JOINED TO RUSSIA IN THE CAUCASUS REGION: South of the great protective barrier formed by the Caucasus Mountains lies Tiflis, Armenia and the Iranian border. It is from this area that the Russians are now advancing into Iran

SIR READER BULLARD, the British Minister in Teheran, who presented Britain's attitude to Iran

THE NEW AREA OF CONFLICT

British and Soviet Forces Enter Iran to Frustrate Nazi Domination of that Country. By ROBERT FINCH

GERMAN economic penetration and "tourist" infiltration have for years been more active in Iran than in any neighbouring country. Over 1,000 German "technicians" hold key posts in Iran's public services, and a Nazi "Fifth Column" has built up formidable strength. To Iran fled Rashid Ali, the Quisling of Iraq, when his Nazi-inspired revolt was crushed; in Iran the Grand Mufti found shelter.

Iran (629,000 square miles) is about seven times the size of Great Britain, but its population is only about 15,000,000; for a large proportion of its area is unproductive and all but uninhabitable desert and mountain-land. The greater part of Iran consists of high plateau country bordered by towering ranges, where winters are very hot and dusty, and where water is the most precious thing on earth. The Dasht-I-Kavir and Dasht-I-Lut are true desert; the sandy waste between Teheran and the Holy city of Qum (Kum) is known as "the Valley of the Shadow of Death." Nevertheless, there are wide areas on the plateau where spring carpets the earth with sudden green and with the bright colours of flowers until summer parches all to dust, which in winter is turned to clinging mud, in places, beneath rain or melting snow.

On the Iranian Plateaux are several important towns and thousands of clay-built villages—all of which stand where permanent water supply is assured. Some three million nomad herdsmen wander from winter to summer pasture with their black tents and their animals. Wool from their flocks and herds is used in making the famous "Persian carpets" of Hamadan and Kerman, of Tabriz and Sultanabad.

THE RESIDENCE OF THE SHAH IN TEHERAN : The Royal Palace, which is 300 years old, and in one wing of which the cabinet used to meet. Despite its history and its great antiquity, the city of Teheran is, in parts, very modern

Teheran, Iran's beautiful capital, with some 500,000 people, is set in a fertile lowland in the north. Tabriz, linked by rail with the U.S.S.R., has 220,000 people; Meshed, Siraz, and Isfahan have each over 100,000; and Kermanshah, Kazvin, Kerman and Sultanabad all have over 50,000.

Along Iran's Caspian shore and backed by the lofty volcanic Elburz Mountains, is a strip of very different country, where rainfall is plentiful and soil is rich, where dense forests clothe the slopes, and green pastures the foothills, and where farmers can grow heavy crops of rice, sugar and cotton as well as fruits and tobacco. The chief towns are Resht (90,000), Babul and Bandar Shah, the Caspian terminus of the Trans-Iranian railway.

By contrast, the southern coastal region along the Persian Gulf is dry and dusty, with settlements where permanent water-supply permits. The chief towns are the oil centre and port of Abadan, Khorramshahr (Mohammerah), Bandar Shahpur, the Gulf terminus of the Trans-Iranian railway, and the seaports of Bushire and Bandar Abbas.

The ruler of Iran is Riza Khan Pahlevi Shah, one of the world's outstanding personalities, who is doing for his country what Kemal Ataturk did for Turkey, grafting upon an ancient Eastern culture the civilisation of the West. The old caravan routes are fast becoming motor-roads; one can now travel by lorry, or post-truck, or car throughout the length and breadth of Iran; the power of petrol in car and aeroplane is fast superseding the camel-power, the horse-power and the man-power which have done the work and covered the distances in Iran since the days of Darius, King of Kings.

The Trans-Iranian railway, completed in August 1938 runs from Bandar Shah on the Caspian Sea to Bandar Shahpur, on the Persian Gulf—two entirely new towns and terminal ports. At both ends the line has to climb in zigzags, tunnels and cuttings up the steep edge of the Iranian Plateau. The most difficult section, built by British engineers, had to ascend over 6,000 ft. in 50 miles. From the Caspian Sea the line reaches 6,930 ft. in 70 miles with the aid of several spiral tunnels; in many places three portions of track can be seen one above another on the same mountainside. The railway avoids any possible link with systems of foreign neighbours—India, U.S.S.R., Iraq, Turkey. The only Iranian rail-link with the outside world is from Tabriz to the Caucasus region of Soviet Russia.

THE NOMADS OF OLD PERSIA ARE NOW MODERNISED! Under the influence of the modernity emanating from Teheran, the formerly wild peoples of the Iranian steppes have now become reformed. In place of their tents, they have been forced to build—and inhabit—clay huts, constructed on modernistic lines, and clustered together in "settlements"

The intriguing story of Iran oil, which begins in 1902, is too long to tell here. In 1938 Iran was the world's fourth producer (10,358,000 tons). In 1932, after the Anglo-Persian (now Anglo-Iranian) Oil Company had spent millions in developing the oilfields of the Karun basin, the Shah suddenly cancelled the concession. It was renewed in 1933, but the area of the concession was halved and the royalties payable ceased in favour of a share of net profits, resulting in a heavy increase of income to Iran.

Oil from Maidan-I-Naftun and Hafi-Kel goes by pipe-line to the refineries of Abadan on the Shatt-el-Arab, a town of some 40,000 people whose "neat bungalows," asphalted streets and general air of activity and of Western hustle and bustle, stand in strange contrast to its neighbour, Mohammerah—now called Khorramshahr, which remains as truly Eastern as Abadan is Western. From Abadan modern oil-tankers transport the oil products to Britain and elsewhere.

Hitler has his eye, for the present, on the Russian oil of Baku, Grozhny and Maikop in the Caucasus—he looks far beyond the agricultural riches and industrial wealth of the Ukraine, and farther even than Baku to the vastly richer prize of India.

But Britain and Russia have "slammed the door" in Hitler's face. Their occupation of Iran will not only bar the way to India but also build

THE CENTRE OF THE IRANIAN CAPITAL—La Place des Canons in Teheran : Where new and old are to be found cheek by jowl. The architecture and the taxi-cabs are quite modern; but the kiosk and horsed carriages (and the street sweeper) are traditionally Iranian!

up a solid Allied flank from the Mediterranean to Singapore. Turkey will have a strong defensive backing against Nazi aggression and Russia can no longer be outflanked by a Nazi advance through Turkey into Iran. There will be no Nazi submarine bases in the Persian Gulf or on the shores of the Arabian Sea to prey on shipping, and no Nazi airports in Iran from which Nazi aircraft could raid the Middle East and India.

Across Iran, British and American war supplies landed at Basra, Bandar Shahpur and other ports on the Persian Gulf might be poured into Russia—American supplies by a far better route than the long train haul by Trans-Siberian railway from Vladivostok.

Britain and Russia enter Iran, not as bloodthirsty conquerors intent on spoil and domination, but as friends to save Iran from the results of the misguided policy of the Shah. Unlike Nazi hordes, who prey upon the lands they enter, Britain and Russia bring with them large supplies of wheat and other foods for the hungry Iranian people, whose stocks of food and raw materials have been so plundered by German economic cunning that the population is on the verge of starvation.

AN IRANIAN TOWN OF THE HINTERLAND : Meshed lies in the hill country away to the north-east of Iran. Its architecture and general lay-out are a compromise between Old Persia and modern Iran. It is typical in appearance of many similar provincial centres, where the old spirit lingers despite the modernisation decreed by the present Shah

The BREAK-UP of YUGOSLAVIA

The Savage Carve-up of the Kingdom between Hungary, Italy, Bulgaria, and the other "Jackal" States

THE audacity of Yugoslavia in daring to thwart the schemes of Nazi Germany in the Balkans has brought down Hitler's wrath in a savage intensity. In his speech at the opening of war with Russia Hitler stressed his efforts to pacify the Balkans, how he had invited Yugoslavia to join the Tripartite Pact, and Yugoslavia is now to pay dearly for what he considers her outrageous impertinence. The whole State is to be broken up, and portions fed out to hungry neighbours. Only old Serbia, the small kingdom, will be left. Italy was the first of the clamorous claimants to be satisfied. It was necessary to bolster up the defeated partner of the Axis, to give something which might be passed off as a glorious victory for Mussolini. Slovenia, the northern corner of Yugoslavia, with Ljubljana as its chief town, was at once annexed by Italy, of which it is to become an integral part.

Dalmatia, which is now occupied by Italian troops, is not yet definitely appropriated. There is some talk of its being joined with Montenegro to form a principality to be under the rule of the King of Italy, but there have been difficulties to overcome.

Though they had clamoured for union with the Serbs, and had become incorporated in the new kingdom of Yugoslavia after the last war, the Croats proved themselves difficult partners. It was largely through their treachery that the Serbian Army was broken so speedily by the German onslaught. Dr. Matchek, the leader of the Croat Peasant Party, had hindered General Simovitch in the all-important days after the *coup d'état*, when every moment was urgent for the mobilisation of the Army and preparations for war, by taking up valuable time over arguments about the position of Croatia.

For their support of the enemies of their country the Croats are to be rewarded with a special kingdom of their own. The Croat quisling, Anton Pavelitch, led a delegation of Croats to Rome last May, when he asked the King of Italy to nominate a king of Croatia. The Duke of Spoleto, younger brother of the Duke of Aosta, and nephew of the King, was selected and has since been named Tomislav II.

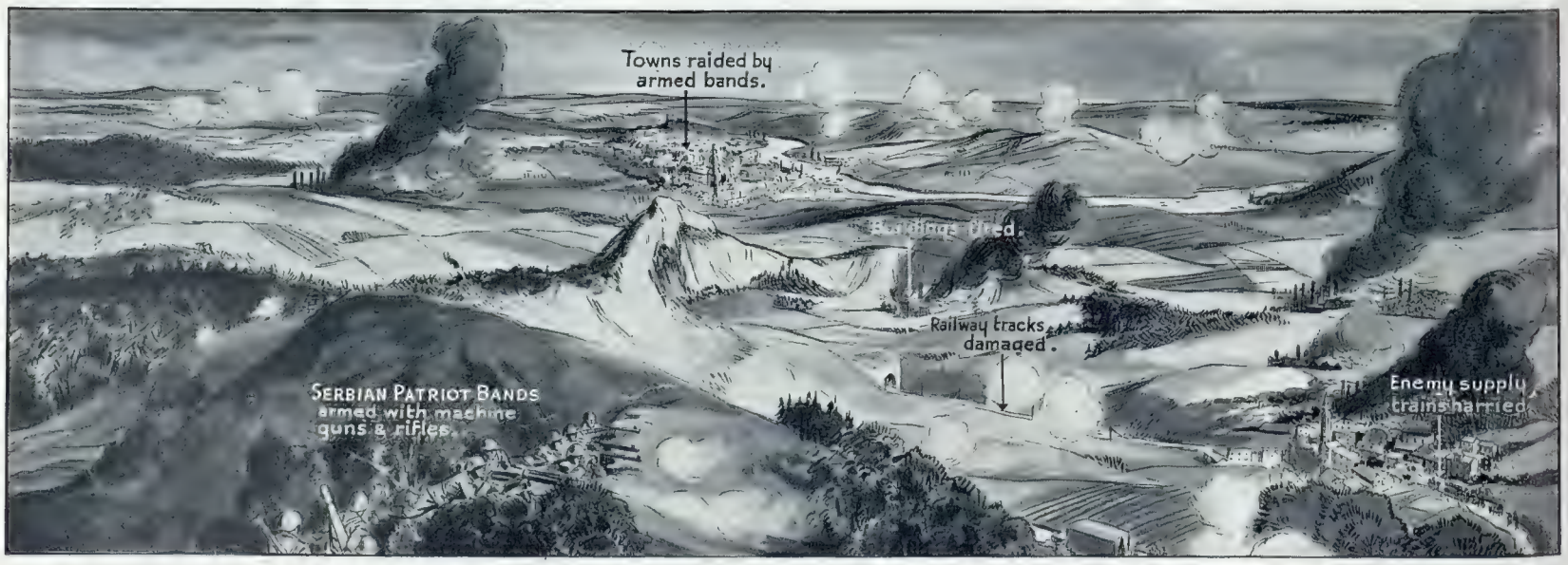
The new Croatia has been honoured by permission to join the Axis, the signing of the Tripartite Pact taking place at the Doge's Palace in Venice, with Ciano, Ribbentrop and the Japanese Ambassador to Rome present to give the necessary solemnity. Up to the present time, three months after his proclamation, the new King Tomislav has not found time or opportunity to set foot in Croatia to receive the welcome of his subjects. During the absence of the King the country appears to be under the rule of a band of terrorists—the Ustachis, who are armed by the Germans, in order to help in the suppression of the Serbs. They are said to be nothing short of common gangsters.

Part of southern Yugoslavia, with Skoplje, is to be cut off to form part of the newly-created Macedonia, which will also include part of Greece, and possibly the coveted port of Salonika. Italy and Bulgaria are coming into conflict over this, as Italy wishes a Greater Albania to spread over part of this puppet State, and both fervently desire Salonika. Hungary is vastly displeased concerning Croatia, which she has long desired. All that she has obtained is a district on her southern border, lying between the rivers Drava and Tisza.

Meanwhile all is not going well for the German occupation of Serbia, where the Serbs continue to resist. At first the insurgents were only able to make sporadic raids from the mountains, but the revolt has steadily grown, and now there are 50,000 men, well armed, who leave the Nazis no peace. They are split up into groups, working from the mountains of Bosnia and Montenegro, and the district round Kragugeoats. The German regular soldiers appear to be gradually leaving Belgrade, Storm Troopers and Gestapo being sent to replace them. But not before they had indulged in their favourite looting, which was done thoroughly. Italian officers have now been seen in Belgrade, but seldom venture about alone. Of all the enemies of Yugoslavia, the Italians are at the moment the least hated, for they have shown less cruelty than the Nazis, Hungarians or Bulgars.

THE TRAGIC PICTURE OF YUGOSLAVIA AS IT IS TO-DAY, showing how the Kingdom has been, or will be, partitioned amongst a horde of undeserving neighbours

Of all the countries involved in the present conflict, Yugoslavia was unfortunate enough to be surrounded by a ravening horde—Bulgaria, Rumania, Hungary, Italy have all demanded their share. In the consequent "carve-up," Yugoslavia has been rent asunder. Montenegro, Dalmatia and Slovenia have been joined to Italy; Croatia has been turned into a new kingdom, under an Italian "King" who has not yet dared to set foot in his capital; part of Slavonia has gone to Hungary; Bulgaria is expecting a large slice of Macedonia; and doubtless Rumania will soon be claiming a share of the spoils. Yet, despite their numerous enemies, Serbs are still fighting on: in the mountains around Kragujevats guerilla bands are concentrated and are making sorties on all sides. The whole present position of this tragic Kingdom is summed up in the accompanying article



GUERILLA BANDS THROUGHOUT YUGOSLAVIA ARE STILL WAGING WAR AGAINST THE GERMAN AND ITALIAN "CONQUERORS."—*Drawing by T. Walker*

Yugoslavia has been "conquered," its Government and its King are exiles, its territory is being dismembered by a motley crew of Hungarians, Bulgars, Italians and other "jackals," as Mr. Winston Churchill has described them. Yet, even while plans are being made for further dismemberment, Serbian guerillas are bravely carrying on the struggle against their enemies. From all over the country come reports of how the patriots—mainly Serbs (than whom there are no better fighters in the world!)—are carrying on systematic campaigns against all the might of the German and Italian forces of occupation. And the revolt is daily growing, until in Serbia and Montenegro it has almost attained the proportions of "open warfare," as recent reports describe it. Belgrade, the capital, is almost in a state of siege following on attacks by Serbian guerillas; whilst in the mountainous country of Montenegro, the enemy have almost been cleared out by patriot forces! In the drawing reproduced here, the methods followed by the Serbian patriot bands in their campaign against the invader are illustrated: from their impregnable positions in the mountains and hills, the guerillas are harassing the enemy by swooping down where least expected—raiding villages and towns, destroying bridges and railway tracks, and everywhere doing the utmost damage to the garrisons and establishments throughout the country

AFTER A RECENT RAID ON BREMEN : A heavy bomber of the R.A.F. flies home after a serious outbreak of fire caused by shell bursts—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

The incident depicted by our artist above occurred on the return journey after a recent raid on Bremen. On their bombing run, the crew were subjected to intense anti-aircraft fire : one shell burst just below and behind the rear turret, wounding the gunner ; another burst inside the fuselage. In a few seconds the whole of the fabric and the tail fin were ablaze. In the meantime a shell splinter had ignited the landing flares in the port main plane. Seeing these flames, the pilot thought that his port engine was on fire. He promptly switched off the petrol, opened the throttles fully and switched the engine off. Fortunately, the flares burnt right through the main plane and fell away from the aircraft. The pilot then turned on the petrol again and restarted the engine. All this time the aircraft was under intense fire. It took the bomber four hours to reach the English coast. The aircraft was extremely difficult to fly, and its air-speed was very low. It was then nearly daylight, and the petrol gauge had been at zero for two hours ! Only one wheel would come down, and on this the pilot force-landed in a barley field. The aircraft swung round and came to rest on its belly

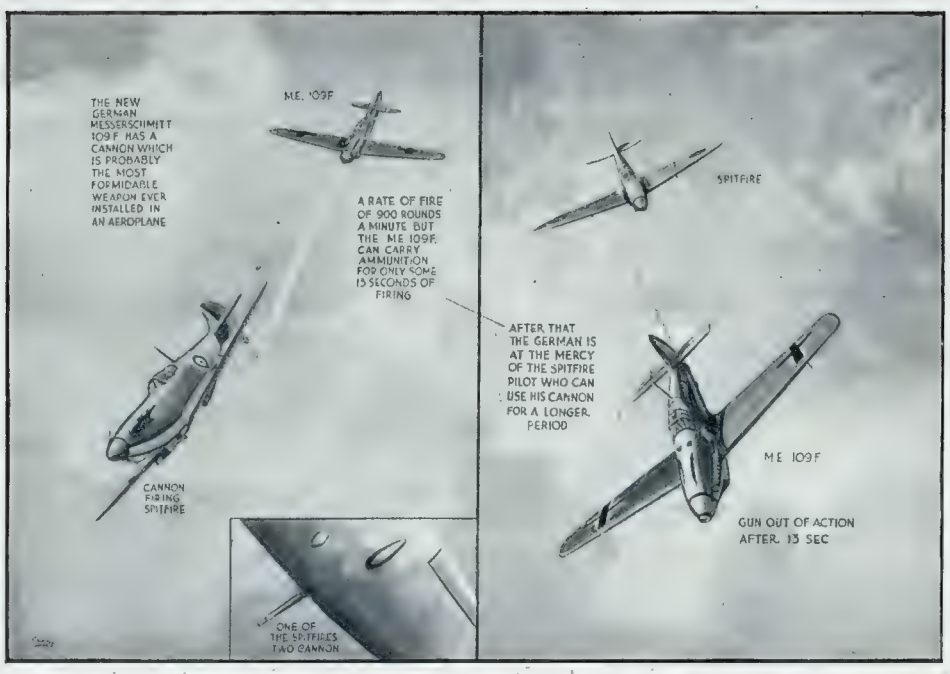
CEASELESS WAR by the R.A.F.

Two Incidents of the Campaign in the Air Over Germany and Italy

THE AIR OFFENSIVE AGAINST ITALY : The "heaviest raid yet" on Syracuse Harbour on the East Coast of Sicily—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

In ancient days, Syracuse was the most important town in the whole of Sicily, and at the height of its prosperity boasted a population of 500,000 Italians. To-day, its inhabitants number only some 30,000 ; but its importance has grown since the outbreak of the war owing to its strategic situation on the east coast of the island and to its harbours and docks and seaplane bases. Bombers of the Fleet Air Arm and of the R.A.F. have made it their target. Recently, the harbour was subjected to one of its heaviest attacks. Bombs were dropped from a low altitude on the central mole and railway sidings, and seaplanes were machine-gunned. Oil tanks were repeatedly hit, and (on one occasion) three balloons of the Barrage were also shot down. The drawing by Mr. McDowell above was made from photographic material : at the extreme point on the left is the Castello Maniace, which was originally built in the thirteenth century but which has been completely modernised. Visitors are not allowed to inspect its interior ! Just below the wing of the aircraft, in the centre of the modern portion of Syracuse, is the Duomo. This part of the city extends southwards from the mainland and is lined with anchorages and bases

THE DEVELOPMENT OF MODERN FIGHTERS AND BOMBERS

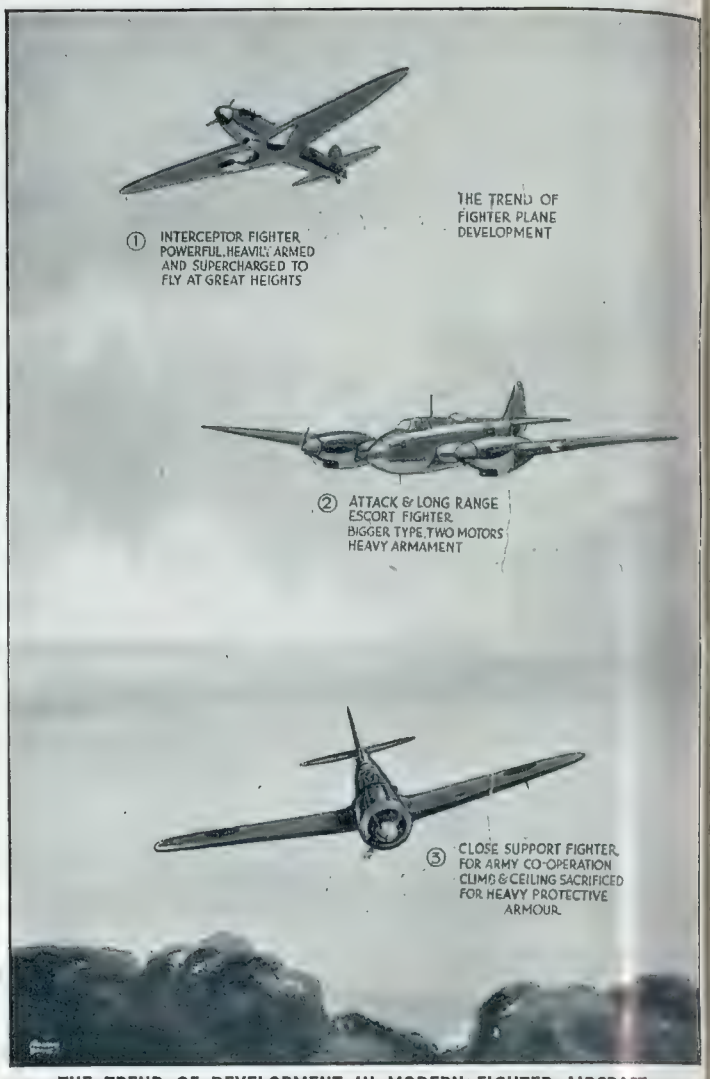


THE NEW CANNON GUNS OF THE MESSERSCHMITT AND THE SPITFIRE COMPARED—
Drawing by Roland Davies

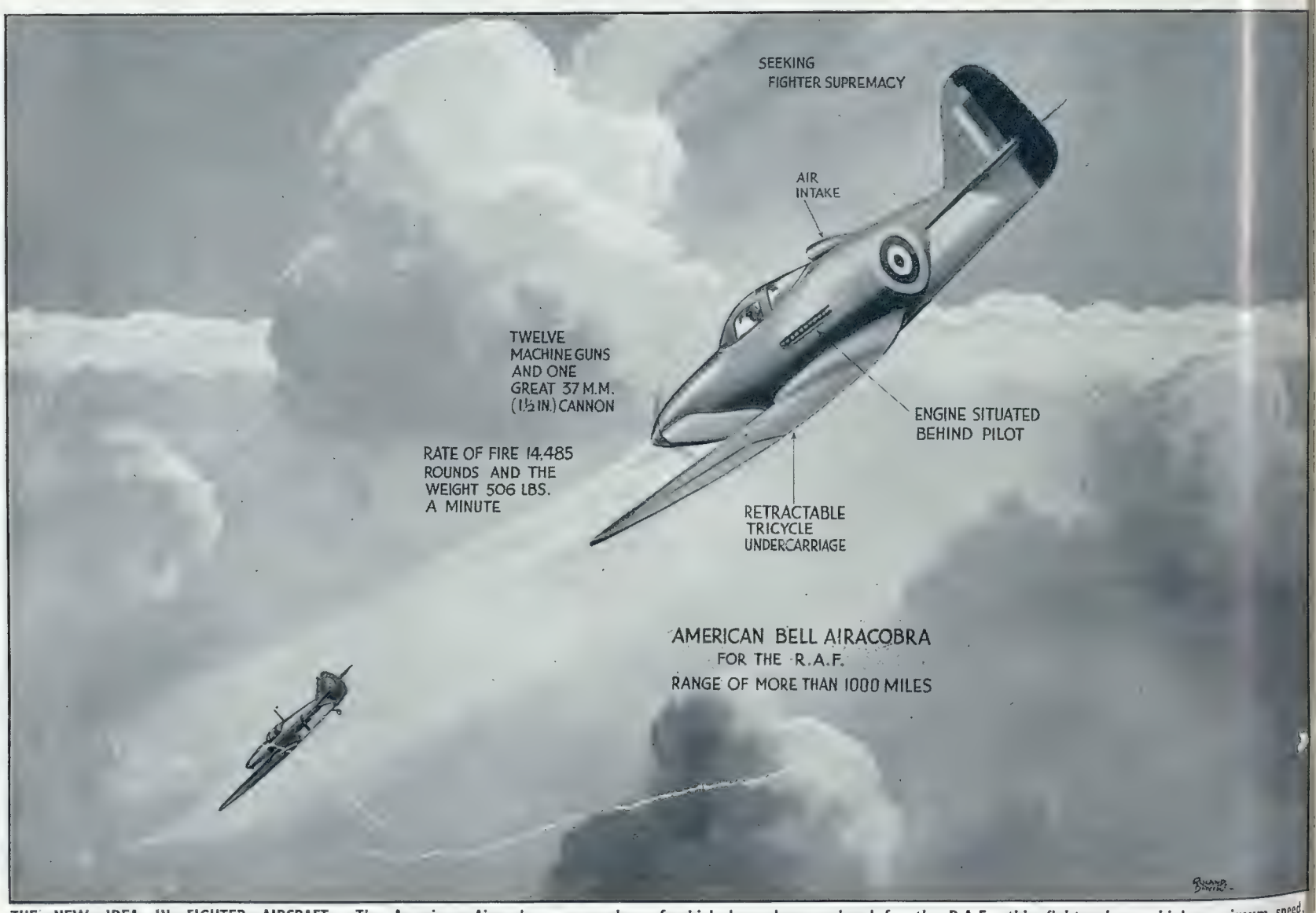
Modern fighter development is advancing at a very great rate to-day : the coming of the cannon-gun is one of the principal factors with which the strategists now have to deal in planning future combat in the air. It has been stated that the new German Messerschmitt 109F has been equipped with a cannon which is probably the most formidable weapon ever installed in an aircraft : this is a new type of Mauser gun with a phenomenal rate of fire—900 rounds a minute. *But*, there is a nmunition only for thirteen seconds of fire. After that, the Messerschmitt is at the mercy of its principal opponent, the Spitfire, which can use its cannon-gun for a much longer period.

But, in addition to the cannon-gun, the Messerschmitt has machine-guns : it can discharge a total of 2,100 rounds a minute, with a weight of 780 lb. This is against the Mark V. Spitfire's 5,000 rounds a minute, with a weight of about 236 lb. What the Spitfire lacks in weight, however, it makes up for in endurance : after the Messerschmitt has used up its supply, the Spitfire is still firing. So that, unless the German pilot is successful straightaway, he is liable to be brought down by his opponent later !

The picture *on the right* illustrates the present trend of development in modern fighter aircraft : there is at the moment a need for three principal types, such as those illustrated. These are (1) an interceptor fighter which should be powerful, heavily armed, and supercharged to fly at great heights to bring down "stratosphere" bombers or fighters ; (2) an attack and long-range escort fighter, of a bigger type, and powered with two motors and heavily armed ; and (3) a "close support fighter," for co-operation with land forces : in this type, climb and ceiling would be sacrificed for heavy protective armour for work close to the ground in support of the infantry

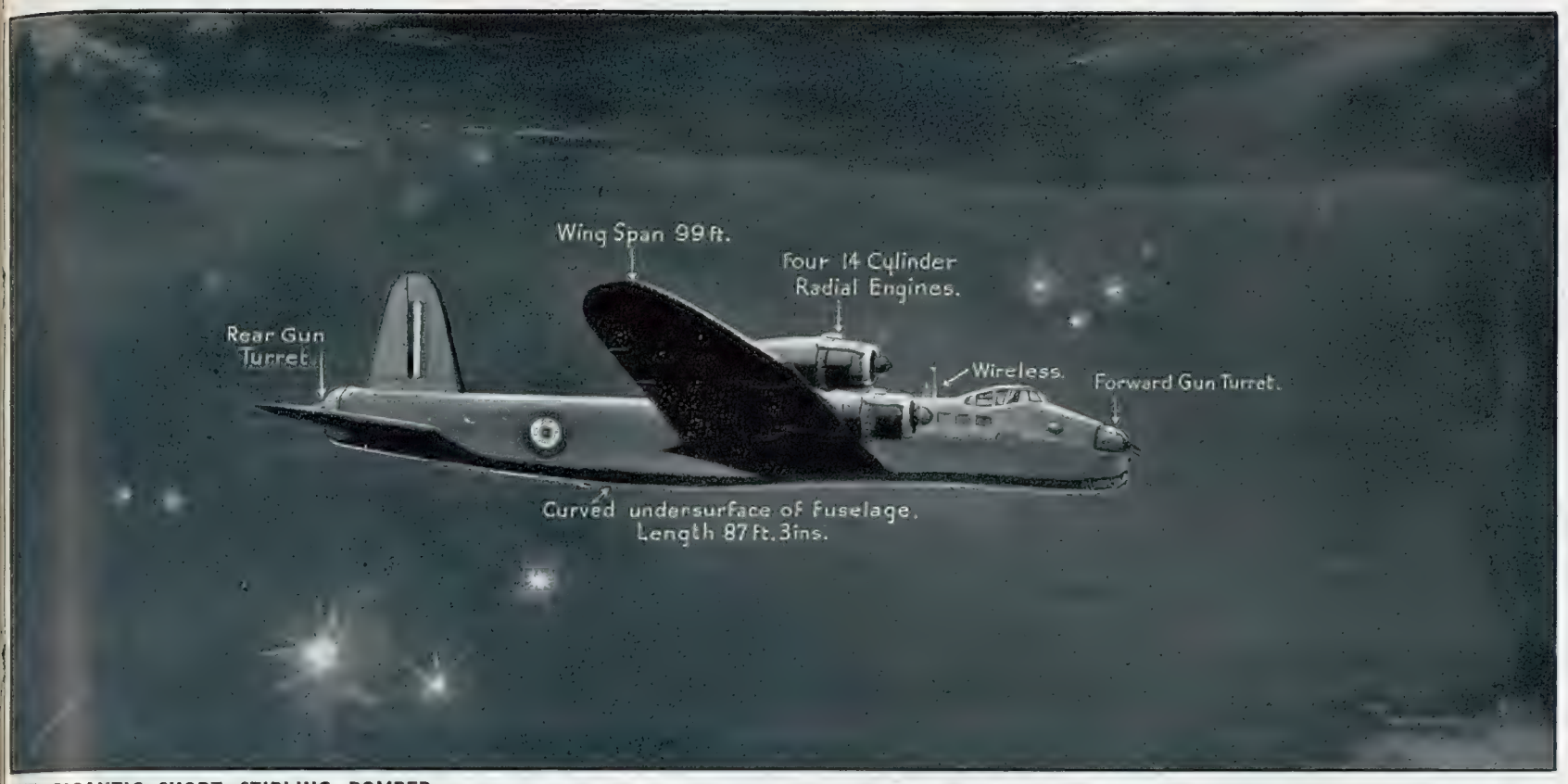


THE TREND OF DEVELOPMENT IN MODERN FIGHTER AIRCRAFT—
Drawing by Roland Davies (see note at left)



THE NEW IDEA IN FIGHTER AIRCRAFT : The American Airacobra, a number of which have been ordered for the R.A.F.; this fighter has a high maximum speed, and also a range of more than 1,000 miles—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

Hitherto our fast st fighters, the Hurricane and the Spitfire, have been distinguished for their terrific speed and for their extreme manœuvrability : the American-built and American-engined Airacobra is also very fast and very manœuvrable, but, in addition, it has a range of action which will render it of the very greatest value for escorting bombers over enem, territory. The aircraft has been fitted with a tricycle undercarriage, it has a 1,000-h.p. Allison engine, which is unusual in that it drives the propeller by means of a shaft, the engine being located behind, and not in front, of the pilot's cockpit. Its maximum speed is 400 m.p.h., and it can cruise at 335 m.p.h.; its ceiling is 35,000 ft., and it has a range of 965 miles at cruising speed, which can be extended to 1,250 miles at 250 m.p.h. According to an American report, the Airacobra is armed with no fewer than twelve machine-guns, and also a big cannon-gun of 37 mm.



THE GIGANTIC SHORT STIRLING BOMBER, SECOND GREATEST WEIGHT-CARRYING AEROPLANE IN THE WORLD, which is now being used on operational flights over Germany and enemy-occupied territory—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

The Short-Stirling in actual flight—head-on view, showing the location of the four motors

The *Short Stirling* is one of the first of the many surprises which Germany is now experiencing ! With the one exception of the American Douglas B-19 this is the greatest weight-carrying aircraft in the world : it is also the first of the new great four-motor British bombers to go into actual operational service, and it has already taken part in a number of night raids on Germany, and day attacks over France.

The Stirling is a mid-wing monoplane, powered with either four 1,400-h.p. Bristol Hercules motors, or with four 1,600-h.p. Wright Double-Row Cyclones : although its speed may not be given, this is known to be very high. An enormous load of bombs can be carried for a very long distance, yet the aircraft is light on the controls. The pilot's cockpit is some 20 feet up, and the whole aircraft has a great height off the ground—22 ft. 9 in. The span of this giant of the air is 99 ft., and its length, 87 ft. 3 in.

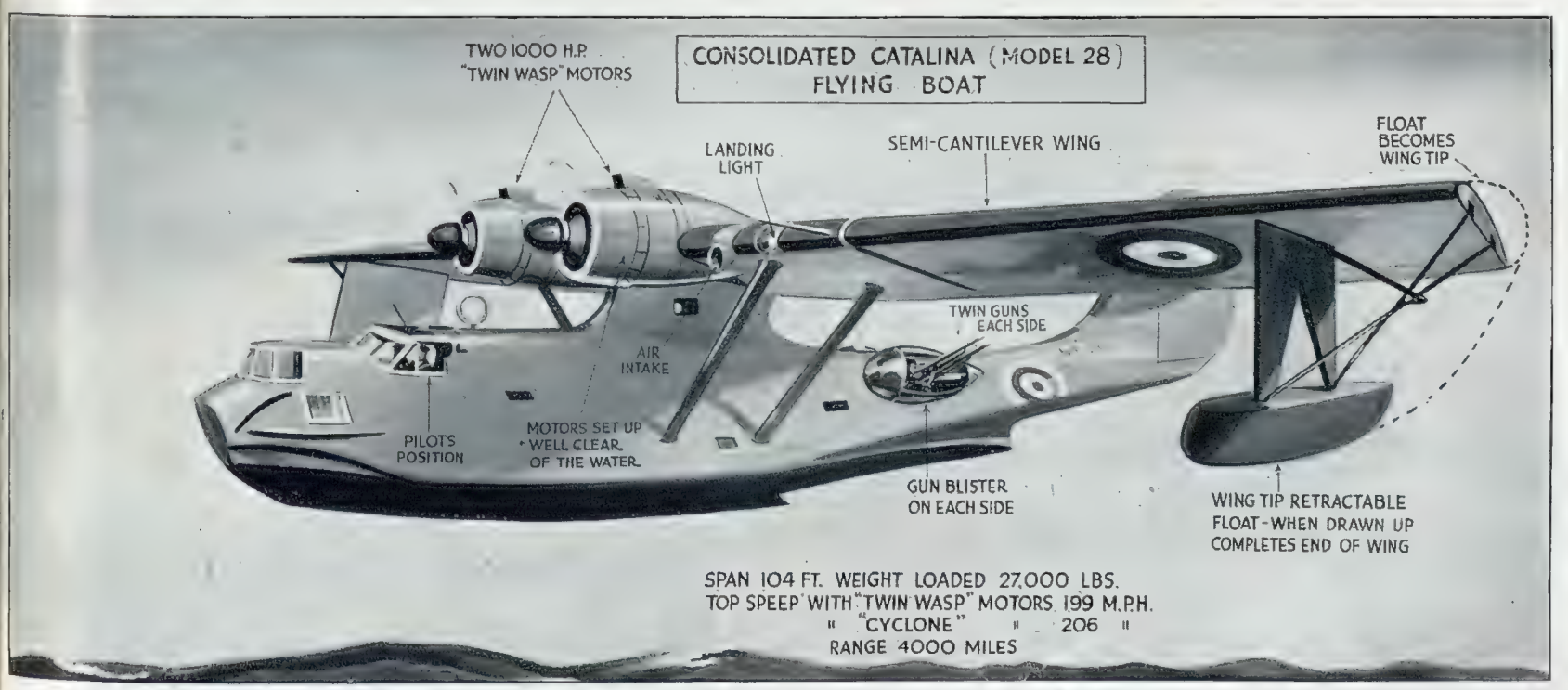
The Catalina flying-boat in the air, showing its characteristic slim appearance when in flight

The curious, curved under-surface of the Stirling bomber, which has a length of over 87 ft.

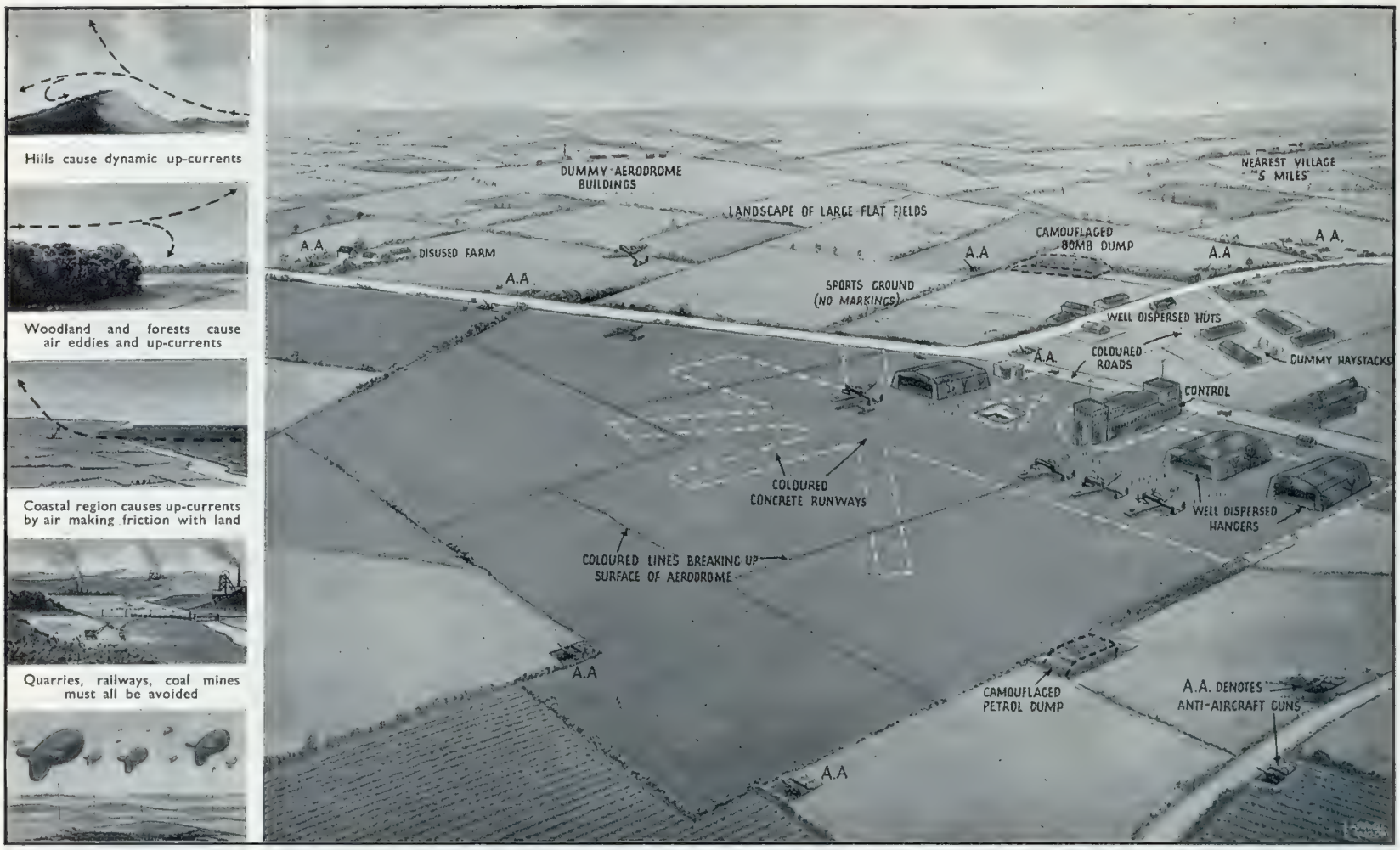
The *Catalina flying-boat* has a semi-cantilever wing mounted on a stream-lined superstructure which allows the air-screws to be set up well clear of the water. The motors can also be set well inboard and close together : this reduces the yawing movement with one engine stopped.

The span of this aircraft is 104 ft., its length, 65 ft., and its height, 18 ft. 6 in. Its maximum speed is 190 m.p.h., but its range is stupendous—4,000 miles. It is owing to the latter factor that the Catalina has been of such service in the Battle of the Atlantic, as it has been able to undertake patrols of the longest duration. It can carry a load almost equal to its own weight

Just taking off, and before its wing-tip floats are retracted : the two blisters in the rear are well brought out in this view



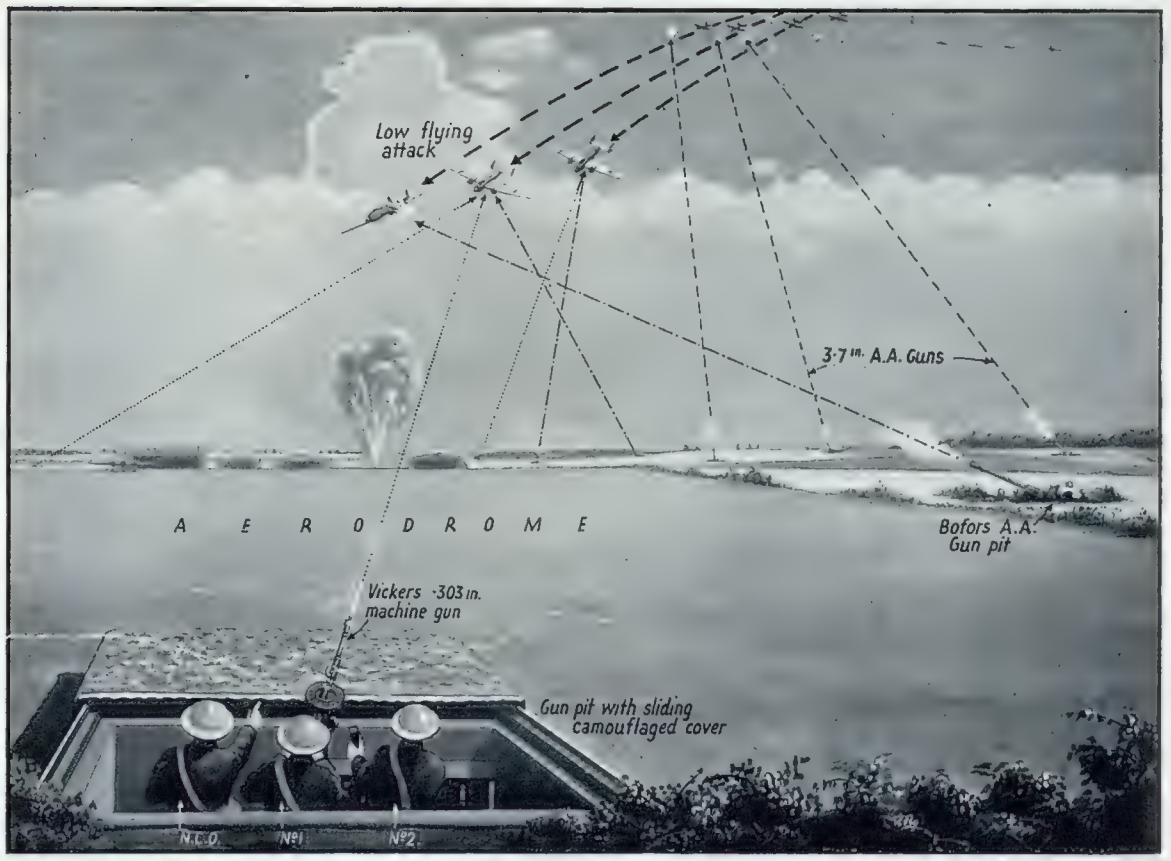
THE AIRCRAFT PRAISED BY MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL IN HIS RECENT BROADCAST—THE HUGE CATALINA FLYING-BOAT, which has played so large a part in the Battle of the Atlantic. This diagrammatic drawing shows the various features of this fine American-built aircraft—*Drawing by Roland Davies*



NEW AERODROMES ARE BEING CONSTRUCTED ALL OVER BRITAIN : Here is a typically good lay-out for an aerodrome set in a "free" country-side, of large fields and in an isolated spot, with no prominent landmarks to betray its site to the enemy—*Drawing by L. Ashwell Wood*

The NEED for NEW AERODROMES—The Choice of Site, and Measures for Defence

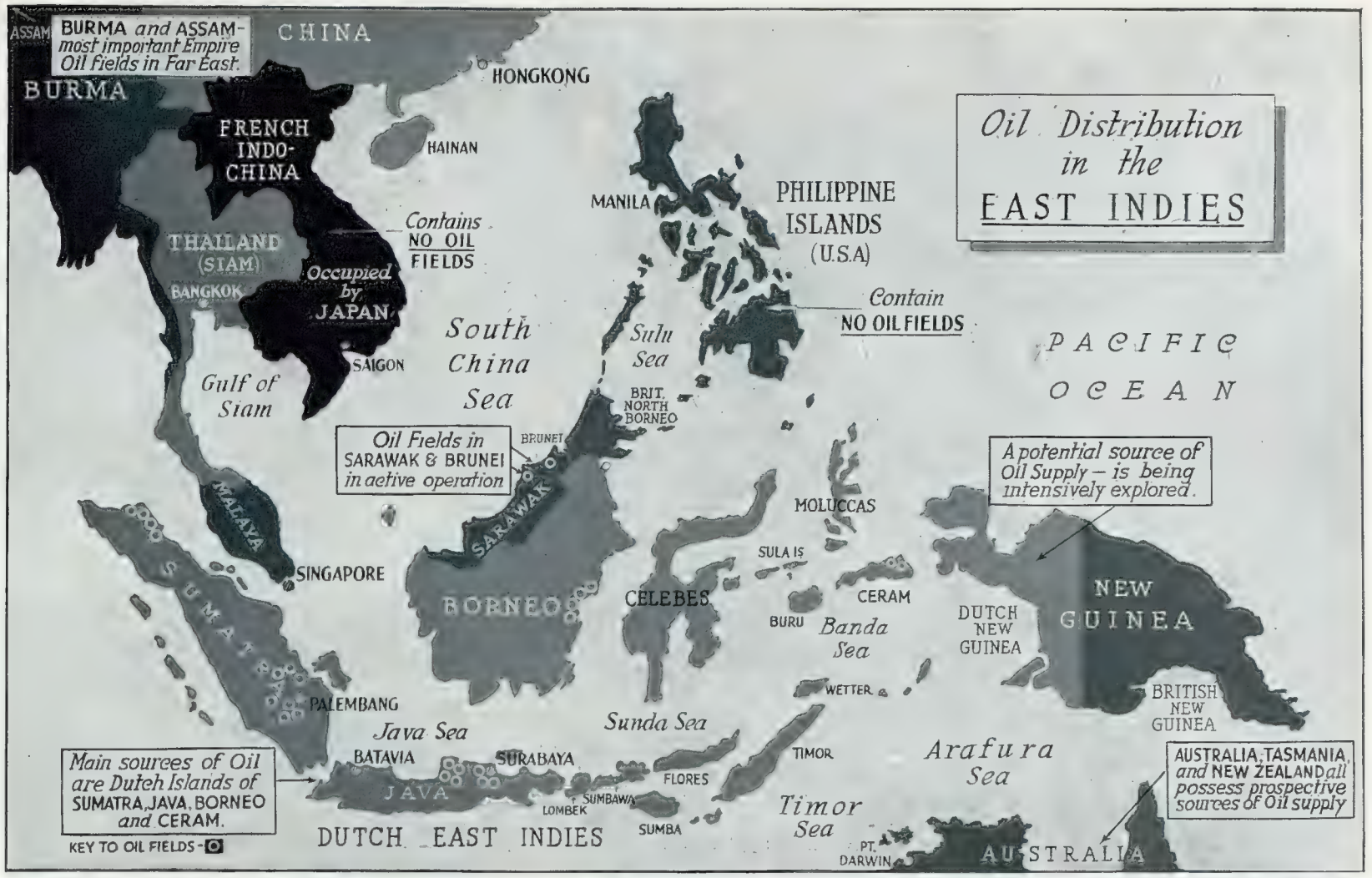
With the R.A.F. expanding at its present great rate, one of the problems is to find suitable sites or new aerodromes to house the bomber and fighter squadrons—to say nothing of the training establishments. This is a difficult matter, for there are so many considerations to be taken into account. Mountainous, boggy or agricultural land can be ruled out right away ; nor are areas in which a balloon barrage is flown suitable—nor coal-mining districts, or quarries, or sandpits, and many others which would make flying operations difficult. Once the site has been selected—on level ground, and preferably in an isolated area where towns and villages will not hamper the pilots—work begins. Trees are removed, hedgerows pulled down, ditches and hollows are cleared and filled in, and all irregularities of surface are smoothed out. Then the runways are laid down ; maintenance sheds are installed ; wireless masts erected ; and quarters for the flying and maintenance personnel erected. When the station is ready, it has then to be thoroughly camouflaged—and from every point of approach. Even after this a lot remains to be done ! The aerodrome must be protected against enemy attack ; consequently gun-pits and machine-gun emplacements have to be installed around the edge of the landing-ground, and ground staffs have to be brought in. Britain was quite well equipped with aerodromes at the outbreak of hostilities—but these were in no way sufficient for the big-scale operations of to-day



HOW AN AERODROME IS GUARDED BY VARIOUS TYPES OF ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS—Checkmating a low-flying attack with Bofors, Vickers and other guns—*Drawing by L. Ashwell Wood*

The layout depicted here is, of course, quite imaginary : nevertheless, it shows in general outline the scheme of defence adopted for aerodrome protection around our new flying fields. All types of anti-aircraft guns are employed, from the Bofors, which usually works with a predictor, and from the heavy high-firing 3·7, down to the various types of machine-guns which are designed to deal with the low-flying bomber or "ground-strafer"

Left and right—
MACHINE-GUN NESTS AROUND A BRITISH AERODROME : At an R.A.F. station where the ground crews have actually scored successes against German aircraft. These machine-gun emplacements are situated at the edge of the landing-ground, and the crews are always at the alert to beat off would-be "ground-strafers"



WHERE OIL IS PRODUCED TO-DAY IN THE EAST INDIES—The principal source of this precious commodity is the Dutch East Indies. This map shows the oil-producing centres of the Far East in their relation to Japan

Australia and Borneo, Tasmania and New Zealand are all known to have potentialities as oil-bearing territories. But their resources have not yet been tapped. For the moment, the greatest oil-producer in the Far East is the Dutch East Indies. Burma and Assam, both of which produce this valuable commodity, may be regarded as out of reach of Japan: nor would Indo-China, Thailand or Malaya be of value to the Japs (from this point of view, as none of these countries are oil-producers. But, from Sumatra to Ceram, as well as in Borneo, there are well-developed oilfields which an envious nation, which is also oil-less, might well covet. It is somewhat unfortunate for Japan that all the centres from which she might be able to attack these vital points are so firmly covered by strong defensive centres, such as the Philippines and Singapore!

JAPAN'S OIL PROBLEM

Where will Her Supplies Come From in the Event of War in the Far East?

Described by A. BEEBY THOMPSON

A SUSPENSION or curtailment of oil deliveries by the Americas and Dutch East Indies must inevitably prove a source of considerable anxiety and embarrassment to Japan should that country become involved in war with a first-class Power or group of Powers. None of the oilfields of the Far East approaches in productivity those of the Middle East, Russia and North and South America. Japan herself can boast of only a few scattered oilfields with a collective yield of about 380,000 tons a year, for the southern part of Sakhalin, ceded to Japan by the Russians after the Russo-Japanese war, does not contain worth-while oil-territory like the northern section controlled by Russia.

The main sources of oil supply in the China Seas are located in the Dutch Islands of Sumatra, Java and Borneo, with minor developments in Ceram, and these possessions of the Netherlands jointly yield some 7,700,000 tons a year, but in British Borneo oilfields are being operated in Sarawak and Brunei. At present Sumatra is believed to be producing about 5,000,000 tons a year, Borneo 1,600,000 tons, and Java 800,000 tons.

Australia has hitherto failed to respond to widespread exploration and research encouraged and subsidised by the Australian Government, although petroleum gas, under pressure, was struck at Roma, near Brisbane, in Queensland. The rich oil shales of Tasmania and those of New South Wales, 120 miles from Sydney, constitute prospective sources of oil supply when conditions favour their economic development. A small oilfield has been worked at Taranaka, near New Plymouth, on the west coast of the North Island of New Zealand, but elsewhere no success has rewarded persistent efforts.

The most important Empire oilfields of the East are in Burma and Assam, the former producing around 1,200,000 tons a year, the latter about 300,000 tons, but in both provinces extensive prospecting has failed to locate outside pools.

Japan has for years been a heavy importer of both crude petroleum and refined products from Russia, Iran, America and the East Indies. Her own oilfields are spread over a wide area as well as in Formosa, but yields are small, although the quality of the crude is consistently high.

A very important oil industry has been built up in the Dutch East Indies, where highly prolific oilfields have been found, modern refineries built to treat the varied kinds of oil extracted, and oil ports constructed to deal with the export of prepared products. In Sumatra and Java the oilfields hug the coast or fringe the mountain ranges, and the oil is piped to the refineries located near the sea-board. There are four important refineries in Sumatra, two on the north-east coast at Perlak, Cape Peureula, and Pangkalen Brandan on the Babalan River, designed to treat the light-density volatile oils of the northern fields. Another large refinery is situated on the Moesi River on the Island of Pladjoe in the Palembang district.

Java is also furnished with three major refineries. A small refining plant has also been erected at Boela Bay in Ceram to deal with the local production. Balikpapan on the east coast of Dutch Borneo is the domicile of a gigantic refinery designed to treat the many varieties of crudes piped from a group of oilfields in the district. At Tarakan on the north-east coast the heavy oils of that region are treated for the production of bunker fuel, much of which has gone to Japan in the past.

The major oilfields of Burma are all located along the valley of the Irrawaddy in the dry belt some hundreds of miles from its delta, and two famous pools, Yenang Young and Singu, supply the bulk of the output. A single field has been developed at Indaw on the Upper Chindwin, which falls within the wet, malarial, forested belt. The three important refineries of Burma are situated on the banks of the Rangoon river below Rangoon, the largest being that of the Burma Oil Company at Syriam. Oil is conveyed by pipe-line as well as by river barges to Rangoon.

Assam oilfield operations are concentrated at Digboi, near where oil is obtained from disturbed strata which for years worried operators responsible for development.

Two regions in the areas described give occasional exhibitions of an unusual phenomenon associated with oilfields, namely, the formation of transient islands or submarine mud volcanoes. Both off the coast of the Arakan Islands of Burma and the Klias peninsula of Brunei there have been such violent eruption of gas and mud in the sea that islands have formed large enough to support landing parties, but owing to the soft character of the mud the islands are short lived, although they leave shallows which have to be charted for the protection of shipping.

The very vital refineries of the islands are mostly vulnerable to attack from the sea, but their destruction by conquerors or vanquished would render the oilfields valueless for a very long time, owing to the peculiar and varied nature of the oils and the need for specialised plant largely of American origin to produce desirable products.

JAPAN HERSELF PRODUCES VERY LITTLE OIL: What she has is found in the areas denoted above. Japan can only be certain of about 380,000 tons of oil a year, from oil-fields within her own territory and in Formosa. The Japanese oil centres are shown in the above map, including those on the island of Sakhalin, which Japan shares with Russia

THE DEFENDERS OF TOBRUK IN THE WESTERN DESERT : A battery of the Royal Horse Artillery in a forward position in the perimeter defences engaged in harassing one of the enemy's positions. Note the dust-cloud sweeping over both men and guns

WHAT TOBRUK MEANS TO BRITAIN

The Stubborn Defence of the Great Desert Stronghold

Described by DOUGLAS GLEN

THE defence of the Nile Valley and the regions that lie about it provide, as Mr. Churchill has said, a famous chapter in the martial history of Britain. What a splendid contribution to that defence has the garrison of Tobruk made week after week and month after month since the lightning German drive through Libya in the spring!

The situation last April appeared perilous in the extreme, the Germans proclaiming loudly that they would shortly be in Suez. But they are still as far from Suez now as they were then—further, in fact—because they found to their cost that they were up against Tobruk.

No further progress towards his coveted objectives in and beyond the Valley of the Nile can be made by the enemy so long as Tobruk is held and its communications by sea remain intact. Speaking in the House of Commons on May 7, the Prime Minister declared that "We intend to defend to the death and without thought of retirement the highly defensive outpost of Tobruk." Despite the loss of Crete, which is barely 200 miles from the town, Britain retains her mastery of the Mediterranean and thus ensures continuous replenishment of supplies and reinforcements to the garrison. And on the frontier of Egypt, separated from Tobruk by a wide area of desert, is the large mobile British force with all the generous resources of the fertile delta behind it.

Far from being a major defeat—as the Nazis thought and boasted—the isolation of Tobruk makes their position an unenviable one. They cannot withdraw or weaken their forces on the frontier for a full-scale assault on it without exposing a flank vulnerable to attack by British forces in the Sollum-Musaid area. Indeed, any such attempt would be likely to enable our troops to join up with the garrison.

Meanwhile, the Nazi troops facing the main British forces and subjected to continuous raiding from the air, are suffering day in and day out from the sorties of our men in Tobruk. It is the Germans now who have to guard long and difficult lines of supply, rendered hazardous by the daring exploits of the garrison, and by the ports of Derna and Benghazi being bombed mercilessly by British planes. They are, too, less used to desert warfare than we and the Australians are, must withstand the intense heat, endure the dust-storms, and drink brackish water from wells, or transport it either by air or over long miles of waterless desert. Beleaguered the garrison of Tobruk undoubtedly is, but they compel the enemy to face both ways at once and conduct—on a minor scale, of course—a war on two fronts.

AN EDITORIAL OFFICE IN THE TOWN OF TOBRUK : The garrison at Tobruk have their own news sheet, which appears daily under the title of *The Tobruk Truth*; it carries a footnote to the effect that the newspaper "always appears." This is owing to the persistent efforts of the Editor, an Australian sergeant. The editorial offices have had many moves, owing to enemy action, but still it appears! In this picture the Editor is seen operating his huge rotary printing press, whilst his assistant-editor acts as typist and general factotum

It took General Rommel a long time to realise that our forces in Tobruk were not merely caught in a trap and that they were there to stay. By the end of April the German advance had been resolutely checked, but determined attacks were still being made in the Sollum area and on Tobruk. On May 2 the fiercest attack yet launched was directed on Tobruk, the enemy employing upwards of sixty tanks, followed by lorry-loads of infantry in an attempt to obtain a quick break-through. German troops, supported by dive-bombers, which flew over in relays, bombing and machine-gunning the Australians in their defence positions, succeeded in penetrating the outer perimeter on the south and south-west. But our men made a determined counter-attack, driving out most of the enemy and destroying eleven German tanks. Here heavy losses were inflicted on the Germans in both men and material, and after three days of incessant fighting, their pressure relaxed. The perimeter extends for 27 miles around Tobruk, and the enemy had occupied a portion covering a front of 2,000 yards in length, but the penetration was slight in depth and far from the inner ring of the defence.

This success of the British counter-attack was extremely valuable, giving time to bring up reinforcements to the main armies in the Western Desert and enforcing the restriction in the use by the Germans of the coastal road from Benghazi to Sollum. Desert fighting, with its difficulties of supply, necessarily limits the size of the armies in a country like Libya, and it is not possible to water and provision a force of more than about 30,000 to 40,000 men in those waste lands without constructing roads and laying pipe-lines. It is a measure of Tobruk's achievements, therefore, that in the fighting up to this time, the garrison had captured and shipped overseas no fewer than 3,000 prisoners. In addition, severe losses in killed and wounded far exceeded this figure.

And whilst the struggle at Tobruk went on, the British force near Sollum was by no means inactive. Enemy troops were repeatedly being engaged and heavy losses in personnel and in armoured fighting vehicles inflicted upon them. A particularly heavy raid was carried out with considerable success at this time, and a British force, making a wide sweep behind the enemy's right flank, cut the road from Bardia to Tobruk. The mutual help that many such harassing operations, which are still being undertaken daily by both British forces, affords each to the other cannot be overstated.

Further attempts to oust the garrison followed in rapid succession, their very persistence proving how complete an obstacle to the resumption of the advance on Egypt and Suez our existence in Tobruk had raised.

All these were successfully repulsed and within a short space of time the garrison were hitting out at the Germans. Each day saw new sorties from both Sollum and Tobruk, squads of Bren-gun carriers swooping down upon isolated parties of Germans or Italians.

On May 15 a severe reverse was sustained by the Axis forces. British infantry in the Sollum area, with light tanks and armoured cars, and supported by aircraft, swept the Germans from their positions. Halfaya Pass, Musaid, Fort Capuzzo and Sollum were retaken, 500 prisoners captured and serious casualties inflicted. And for a period of six weeks, since the cutting-off of the Tobruk garrison, the Germans had repeatedly forecast their near approach to Suez! So long ago as April 26 Signor Signoretti, a prominent Fascist journalist and publicist, wrote that the Axis were then preparing an enormous attack on the Suez Canal and that Italy would send all available

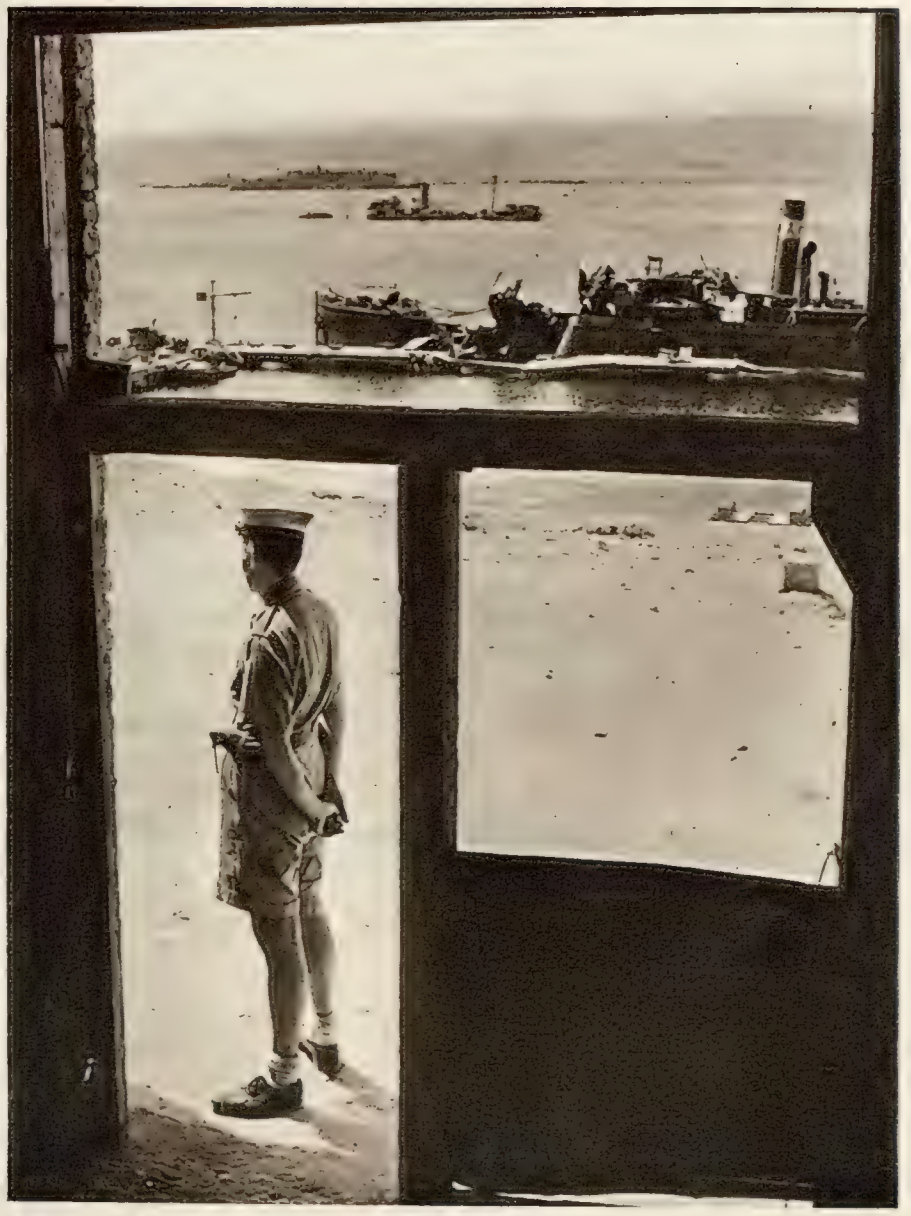
FEEDING THE TROOPS IN THE DESERT : A scene in an advanced area where the food arrives by train and where it is then unloaded and distributed to the troops by lorry. Specially built refrigerator lorries are used to convey fresh meat to the men. Here tea, sugar, rice, etc., are being measured out for despatch to the front line

troops to Africa to conquer Egypt, the Nile Valley and Palestine. It scarcely needs to be said, however, that the bulk of the fighting is done by the Germans, the best use their Nazi masters are able to find for most of Mussolini's conscripts being digging work behind the lines.

Fighting in the Sollum area increased in intensity during the latter part of May, two columns of German armoured units attempting to force a passage through Halfaya Pass. near Sollum. Eleven German tanks were destroyed in two days, many prisoners were taken and heavy casualties inflicted. Nevertheless, the enemy, always regardless of cost, continued his attacks, and after fierce fighting Sollum once more passed into German hands. In a period of eight months it had been captured four times.

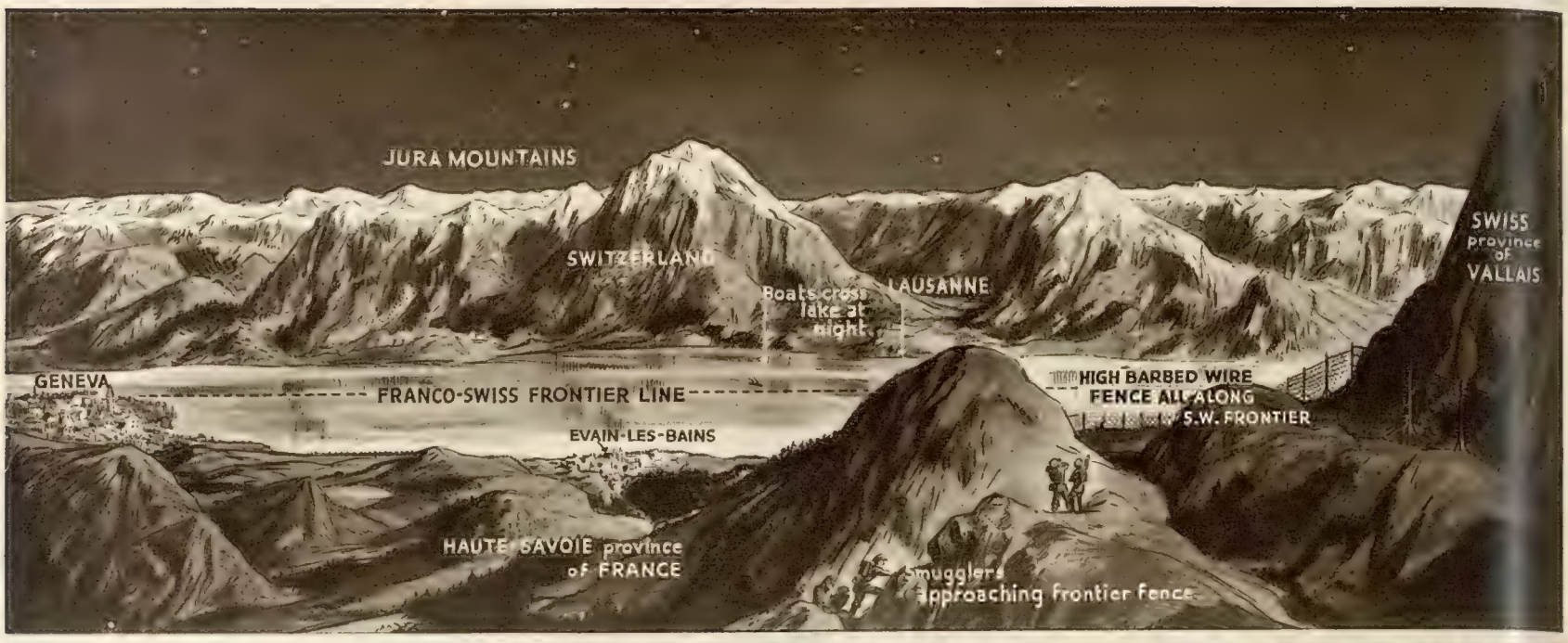
The middle of June witnessed a determined assault by British and Indian troops on the German positions at Capuzzo, which was recaptured. Larger forces here became engaged, meeting with serious opposition and sustaining many counter-attacks. Parts of Sollum were entered, but on June 17 the action ended, our forces withdrawing to their forward positions. They had taken hundreds of prisoners and destroyed many German guns and tanks.

Two days before this the Tobruk garrison had been specially active, driving the enemy out of the western side of the salient which had been created when the outer defences were penetrated weeks earlier. This action practically restored the original line over a front of 2,000 yards and effected a material improvement in the British position against which no assault by the Germans since has been able to make an impression. There have been many attacks, but always the defence, though often hard pressed, holds firm despite German superiority in tanks and despite the heavy air attacks to which the position of Tobruk lends itself.



ON DUTY AT "ADMIRALTY HOUSE," TOBRUK : Out in the harbour is a veritable graveyard of Italian ships. All these vessels were sunk during attacks on Tobruk whilst it was still held by the enemy. British ships now come openly into the harbour, bringing supplies and stores and reinforcements for the garrison

THE ITALIAN CRUISER "SAN GIORGIO," WHICH HAS LAIN IN THIS CONDITION IN THE HARBOUR AT TOBRUK SINCE JUNE 1940. The 10-in. gun cruiser of over 9,000 tons was beached by the Italians at Tobruk after it had been damaged and set on fire by a British air attack in June 1940



HOW THE BORDER BETWEEN FRANCE AND SWITZERLAND HAS BEEN DEFENDED BY A COLOSSAL BARBED-WIRE FENCE—*Drawing by T. Walker*

In order to prevent smuggling (the centre of which trade is Geneva), the whole border between Switzerland and Unoccupied France is defended by a barbed-wire fence taller than a man. "It is the only border in the world in which not a single free passage is to be found. But this does not stop the smugglers . . . dozens of fishing-boats slip through. And when night falls, the Swiss forests become alive and begin to march. . . ."

THE BELEAGUERED COUNTRY

A Full Description of Life in Switzerland To-day, Surrounded on All Sides by Warring Nations and Beset by Fears for Her Future

By HANS HABE

FOR two years Switzerland, gradually encircled, has been living in a state of siege. Among the still neutral countries of warring Europe, little Switzerland, with her 6,000,000 citizens (of whom only 4,000,000 live in the homeland) and her territory of 173,347 square miles, occupies a special place. Spain has been with the Axis for a long time; Sweden and Finland are more or less involved in the war between Germany and Russia; Turkey endangered her independence by signing the pact with Germany on June 18, 1940; the independence of Portugal is that of a free port which will end on the day when the last American steamer leaves the harbour of Lisbon or the last Atlantic Clipper takes off from the airfield of Sintra. Switzerland alone—squeezed in between Italy, which has long been casting an avid eye on Tessin; Germany, which covets Berne, Basle and Zurich; and Fascist France, which would like to recoup her defeat by annexing Geneva—keeps the "guard on the Rhine," the guard of its neutrality.

In a *military* sense, Switzerland is the most mobilised country in the world, including the countries engaged in war. Of the 4,000,000 Swiss living in Switzerland, about 2,000,000 are men; of these nearly 1,000,000 are under arms.

Economically, Switzerland has to struggle not only against the British and German blockades, but also against the "peaceful" pressure of Germany, which is practically Switzerland's only customer and seller, and against the difficulties of transportation through thousands of miles of starving countries. Only 20 per cent. of Swiss territory is cultivated, only 10 per cent. serves as pasturage, the remaining 70 per cent. is sterile mountain country. To maintain the Swiss living standard, the highest in the world, is the particular task of the little State, whose food situation is a real paradox: while the besieging armies of Europe are all starving, the besieged fortress of Switzerland still has enough to eat.

The *financial* situation of this European Tobruk deserves special attention. The few uncensored reports trickling out of Switzerland have not yet thrown any light on the part played by the Confederation as Germany's financial centre. Every day the Germans receive from the French alone nearly 20,000,000 French francs for the upkeep of war prisoners, and a great part of these and almost all other occupation costs flow to Switzerland in the form of banknotes, where they are exchanged for Swiss francs, to be later magically metamorphosed into dollars. Switzerland is to-day the centre of a financial smuggling enterprise involving not relatively small private holdings, but the wealth of entire nations.

Politically, too, Switzerland presents the picture of a besieged fortress. A democracy ruled by a coalition of minorities always has difficult problems to solve, and it is not accident that the three last Swiss referendums resulted in Government defeats. And while "the oldest democracy in the world" is engaged in a heroic struggle, Georges Oltramare, the Swiss Quisling, is biding his time in Paris, in the editorial offices of the *Paris-Soir*.

In September 1939, immediately after the outbreak of the war, Switzerland ordered general mobilisation—just as she did after the outbreak of the first World War. All able-bodied men between twenty and sixty years of age are mobilised; 1,000,000 men are constantly under arms. In Switzerland every citizen has to serve in the Army, and the 1,000,000 Swiss soldiers are really trained troops, of whom 500,000 are excellently armed and motorised; 200,000 men between fifty and sixty years of age are active in the auxiliary services, and 300,000 are busy erecting a second fortified line in the hinterland. This second fortified line is really the only one—for the Swiss first line of defence consists of

"THE BIGGEST SWINDLE IN HISTORY":
This is how a Swiss bank director has described Germany's financial business with Switzerland (see article)

"SWITZERLAND'S MOUNTAINS WILL SAVE HER," SO IT IS SAID—BUT WILL THEY?

"The Swiss first line of defence consists of the Alps": the statement has often been made in connection with Switzerland, and it is repeated by Mr. Hans Habe in his article here. But is this true? To the south and south-east, and to the south-west—that is to say, along the Italian, Austrian and French borders—there are immense mountain-barriers against an easy invasion; but to the north, where Switzerland borders on Germany, the country is wide open, as the above map indicates. The Swiss have declared their intention of blowing up all the railway tunnels throughout the country in the event of invasion, and this might prove a very effective measure: but there still remain the mountain passes and long stretches of railway track, along which military progress could be made

the Alps. These mountains are, however, the most formidable fortress that ever defended the borders of a country; the tunnels through them are all mined and can be blown up at any minute. The St. Gothard Pass, the most important artery of communication between Italy and Germany (it is considerably wider and more accessible than the Brenner Pass) can be completely destroyed in five minutes; and the Swiss General Staff has repeatedly warned Berlin that, in the event of an invasion, it will issue the briefest but most efficient of all military orders—an order comprising only three words: "Blow up everything!"

The political, economic and moral consequences of the Swiss mobilisation are considerable. From a material point of view, it is almost unthinkable that Switzerland is able to meet the costs of her permanent mobilisation. The "frontier guard," as the Swiss modestly call their Army, costs 5,000,000 Swiss francs a day—that is somewhere in the neighbourhood of £300,000. But this is only a small part of the damage suffered by Switzerland as a result of her mobilisation. The removal of large masses of men from agriculture creates great difficulties, in view of the fact that the specialised Swiss farmer can be replaced only after a long period of training. Likewise, Swiss industry, like the watch factories in the Jura, the chocolate factories in the eastern cantons and the cheese industries in the cantons of Berne and Graubünden, require highly specialised labourers.

This makes it clear why the Swiss, who are as proud of their Army as scarcely any other nation, dislike their state of permanent mobilisation. The Swiss Army is commanded by a General appointed by Parliament.

THE HOTELS OF "THE PLAYGROUND OF EUROPE" ARE EMPTY TO-DAY: Here is a view of Sils, in the Engadine: The hotel industry, on which the whole country formerly depended for its prosperity, has to-day completely broken down. "It is literally bankrupt. Most big hotels are so deeply indebted that, almost without exception, they belong to the banks, which do not seize them only because there are no buyers"

THE RESIDENT POPULATION ALONE REMAINS IN SWITZERLAND: The mountain towns and villages, the health resorts and sports playgrounds are all deserted. Apart from a few stray Germans, the once happy land has been deserted by all its former devotees. So that in Davos (where this picture was taken) the only attendants at the little mountain church are the local villagers

General Guisan, the present Commander-in-Chief and the only living Swiss General, is married and the father of four children. He is a former pupil of Saint-Cyr. Though a Francophil, his love for France did not induce him to take the French Army as his model. The prematurely grey-haired General, with the lean face of an old soldier and the prominent cheekbones of a Swiss peasant, is sixty years old and is exceedingly popular in Switzerland, because of his typically Swiss family life. "*Nous avons un général*" ("We have a general") is the proud slogan of the Swiss—a slogan that has nothing in common with the cult of the Führer in Germany.

It goes without saying that the dissatisfaction with the state of permanent mobilisation offers a favourable ground for the work of Hitler's fifth column. But mobilisation is not the only factor adversely affecting Swiss economy.

Because of her unfavourable topography, Switzerland is greatly dependent on the importation of food. Formerly she bought wheat, corn, rye and vegetables from Hungary, Rumania, Yugoslavia, Argentine, France and the United States; she even imported butter, which may seem astonishing, from Denmark. These sources of supply have been reduced to a mere trickle by the blockade. Virtually no restrictions, however, were imposed during the first six months of the war: rationing was introduced only on January 1, 1940, when food, textile and coal cards were issued, and the consumption of petrol cut down to a minimum.

The food cards entitle their bearers to 500 grammes of butter, 425 grammes of fats, 500 grammes of sugar a month, and ½ litre of salad oil for a family of four which does not use its fat rations. In addition, the cards provide for 250 grammes of cake, and 500 grammes of flour (all the flour is mixed with corn; the milling of white flour is forbidden). Bread is sold without cards, but it must be at least twenty-four hours old. The buying of fresh bread is punished by fines up to 10,000 francs and by imprisonment up to a month; those who sell it can be fined up to 30,000 francs and imprisoned for up to five months. Meat is not rationed, but pork is sold only one day a week, as pigs must be delivered to Germany for coal.

All these rations are for the most part theoretical: the salad oil, for instance, is, in present-day Switzerland, a pure myth. The butchers close their shops three days a week, and most of the unrationed articles have so deteriorated in quality that the Swiss, accustomed to high standards, can scarcely recognise them. Whipped cream has been abolished; only cooking chocolate can be found on the market; candy is forbidden. On August 1, milk and cheese, hitherto obtainable in unlimited quantities, were also rationed.

Such is the petrol shortage that last April 1 the circulation of private cars was forbidden, except for physicians, who may buy 20 litres of petrol a month at 18 cents a litre.

Particularly strict is the rationing of coal and clothing. Each citizen is entitled to two suits or dresses a year—it is true that the restrictions apply only to woollen articles. Each Swiss citizen is allowed but three pairs of stockings or socks a year; woollen underwear or shirts can be had only at the expense of suits or dresses. By contrast—aside from stockings—there have never been so many silk articles in Switzerland as to-day. The Germans sold the silks plundered in France to Switzerland. But as the official rate of exchange of the German mark in Switzerland is 80 per cent. higher than its real value, the prices of silken goods are exorbitant.

The most striking shortage in Switzerland is that of coal. Last winter the available amount of coal was only 40 per cent. of normal; next winter there will be only 20 per cent. Wood for heating purposes can be had only on cards, and only those are entitled to it who have no facilities for heating with coal. Last winter bitter cold reigned in all Swiss dwellings. Moreover, the Swiss, known as "the most-washed European," is permitted hot water for his bath only one day a week, from Saturday 6 p.m. to Sunday 6 p.m. Saturday evenings, no Swiss is to be found outside his home: all Switzerland is taking a hot bath.

The heating problem could easily be solved by deforestation, but there is no Swiss who would not gladly give up all his beloved comforts to save his forests. This is typically Swiss.

It goes without saying that under these circumstances Swiss industry suffers enormous damages. The hotel industry has completely broken down. It is literally bankrupt. Most big hotels are so deeply indebted that almost without exception they now belong to the banks, which do not seize them only because there are no buyers. The watch industry suffers from the general economic terrorism exerted by the Third Reich. Most of the large world-famous watch factories are closed; many have been reorganised and are producing precision instruments for Germany. The unemployed are absorbed by the Army, but this does not solve the problem of supporting their families, and the country with the highest living standard in the world is being rapidly reduced to the lowest common denominator. Only the Sulzer Works in Winterthur, the Brown-Boveri Works in Baden and the Oerlikon Corporation in Zurich are going full steam, but they are working exclusively for Germany. The Sulzer Works make locomotives and Diesel engines; the Brown-Boveri Works turbines and electrical apparatus; the

(*Continued on following page*)

A MEMORY OF THE HAPPIER, PRE-WAR DAYS: A band of eager winter-sports enthusiasts at Davos, out on a ski-ing expedition, before the war came to isolate Switzerland, and to cut the country off from its former wealthy patrons from all over the world

The BELEAGUERED COUNTRY
(*Cont.*)

Oerlikon arms, above all anti-tank and anti-aircraft guns—defensive weapons whose quality is said to be unsurpassed anywhere.

This revolutionary change in Swiss life is apparent even to the casual visitor. Since 1799, when Korsakov's armies came down from the north and entered Schaffhausen in pursuit of the French, and the Swiss national poet, Zachokko, issued his appeal—alas, so timely to-day! —" for pity for suffering mankind," the Swiss had not known the meaning of misery. To-day, Switzerland—which is still a paradise compared to the rest of Europe—is gradually sinking to a lower standard. On the deserted Geneva waterfront the shutters of the big hotels are drawn and the doors closed. The Beau Rivage, where Empress Elizabeth of Austria died and Edward Benes signed the Little Entente Pact (in the same suite) and the Hotel Metropole in which Stresemann, Briand and Sir Austen Chamberlain once dreamed of European peace, are both closed. *A la carte* service has vanished from the restaurants; there is only a scanty *table d'hôte* from which meat is absent three days a week. The only street traffic is that of bicycles.

The parks, formerly characteristic of Swiss cities, are in process of disappearing. On the banks of the Rhine in Basle, in the large park behind the Hôtel des Trois Rois, salad is growing; and in Geneva the Parc Bertrand and the marvellous Ariana Park of the League of Nations are to-day one large potato field.

THE MOUNTAINOUS DISTRICT OF THE BERNESE OBERLAND: A view in the Adelboden district, in the very heart of Switzerland. Amidst this jumble of mountains an invader would find that the rocky barriers are indeed formidable obstacles!

THROUGHOUT SWITZERLAND THERE ARE A NUMBER OF GOOD ROADS: Many of them are, it is true, in the nature of mountain passes—but they have been engineered with great skill and ingenuity. This picture was taken in the Bernina district

If the account of the Swiss military preparations, the food situation and the industrial breakdown seem sombre enough to serve as material for a Zola novel, the history of Swiss finances sounds like a cheap detective story.

Switzerland is the most important financial centre of the German Reich. This does not refer to the direct " gifts " sent by Switzerland to Germany. The Swiss gold reserves have for the most part been sent to the U.S.A.; a certain portion of this gold—a return to the primitive!—is, however, buried in the depths of St. Gothard. Billions in gold may be blown up at any moment. The part played by Switzerland in financing Germany is little known abroad, but it helps to account for the fact that German finances have not yet entirely broken down.

The story begins with the French defeat. The occupation costs paid by the French, the wages for war prisoners, and, above all, the enormous amounts of French francs confiscated by the Germans in Paris and in occupied territory, have been flowing to Switzerland in an uninterrupted stream. It goes without saying that the Swiss have no economic use for French francs; but the Swiss National Bank was compelled to pledge itself to buy and exchange French francs. A Swiss bank director in Basle described Germany's financial business with Switzerland as " the biggest swindle in history."

Every day, *viâ* the diplomatic pouch and through a smoothly functioning organisation of several hundred smugglers, the Germans import many millions of French francs to Switzerland. To understand what this means, there is no need to study the secrets of Swiss banking. If you enter the vault of any Swiss bank, you will see freshly printed French 5,000-franc notes piled high on the shelves. To-day, the rate of exchange of these 5,000-franc notes is 125 Swiss francs—that is, 25 Swiss francs for 1,000 French francs, or 5·80 dollars for 1,000 French francs—while 1,000 French francs are officially worth 100 Swiss francs, or 23·80 dollars.

In other words, Switzerland is compelled to buy the devaluated francs from Germany at an excessive rate. What happens to these francs? They return to France through many channels. The Swiss Government itself tries to send them back to France to buy Swiss Government bonds and industrial stocks held by the French at a low price. As there is no official clearing arrangement between France and Switzerland, many Swiss citizens buy French banknotes and send them to France, thus settling their private debts at a profit. With a clearing arrangement, the Swiss would have to pay about four times as much as he pays to-day. And there is still another thriving business. Many Swiss capitalists buy enormous amounts of banknotes, smuggle them into France, and purchase land, houses and stock. The Swiss National Bank looks on silently because it wants to get rid of the banknotes the Germans compel it to accept, even though this manner of disposing of them endangers Switzerland.

There is hardly any form of smuggling that cannot be encountered in present-day Switzerland. One of the most curious is the exchange of 5,000-franc bills for 1,000-franc bills, and of 1,000-franc bills for 100-franc bills. In France 5,000-franc bills are more highly valued than 1,000-franc bills, and the latter more than 100-franc bills, for the simple reason that it is easier to smuggle large bills than small ones. The business consists in " grabbing " the 5,000-franc bills circulating in Switzerland, in selling them in France with a profit; re-smuggling the smaller denominations into Switzerland and again exchanging them for higher denominations.

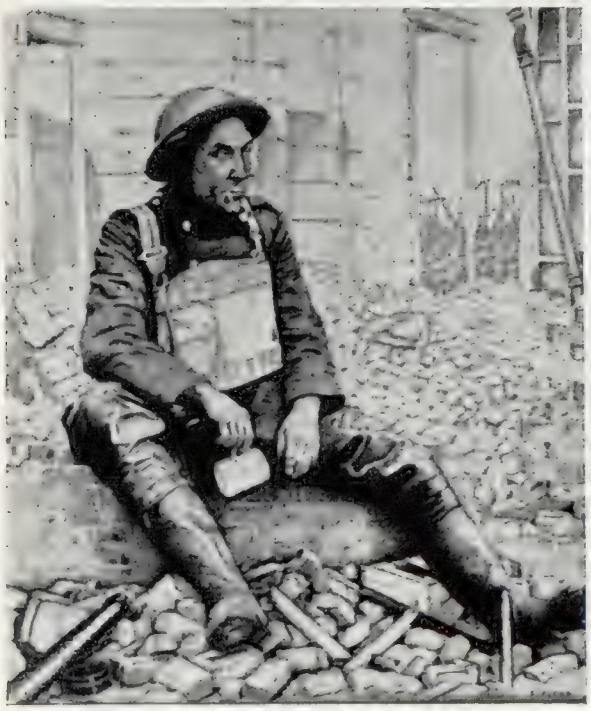
The centre of the smuggling trade is Geneva. The whole border between Switzerland and Unoccupied France is defended by a barbed-wire fence taller than a man. It is the only border in the world in which not a single free passage is to be found. But this does not stop the smugglers. Dozens of patrol boats guard the stretch between Lausanne and Evian-les-Bains on the lake of Geneva; all night long their searchlights glide over the smooth surface of the water. But all this is in vain: dozens of fishing-boats slip through. And when night falls over Switzerland, the Swiss forests—like Birnham Wood—become alive and begin to march.

(*Continued on page 320*)

THE SWISS HAVE A GENERAL: Here he is! General Guisan (on right), the only living Swiss General, the present Commander-in-Chief. On the left is his wife, and in the centre Colonel Stellmann. General Guisan, the idol of his country, is sixty years old; he was a pupil at Saint-Cyr and he has three grandsons

LONDON'S FIREMEN ARTISTS

Their Fine Exhibition at Burlington House



"CAME THE DAWN," BY STANLEY FLEGG, a sardonic impression of the morning after an overnight "blitz"

"THE GRASS WIDOWER," BY FRANCIS NICHOLLS, a scene of station life when all the rest have fled elsewhere

"CONSULTATION," A DRAMATIC COMPOSITION BY PAUL DESSAU

"FIREMEN IN WHITECROSS STREET," BY NORMAN HEPPLE, a scene during one of London's big fire "blitzes"

ondon firemen, many—the great majority of them, in fact—amateurs, have achieved a fame that is now rld-wide. Included within their ranks are a number artists who joined the Fire Service at the outbreak of : during their leisure moments these men have orded impressions of their dangerous work. These tures form the basis of the present remarkable exhibi- n now on view at Burlington House in Piccadilly, which has been commended by the critics, who rate the artistic capabilities of the firemen who are exhibiting at a high level. One great virtue of the work shown is that each scene was actually witnessed by the artist who portrays it—he has, in fact, been an active participant in some capacity or the other during those dramatic moments. The exhibition occupies four rooms at the Royal Academy; all the work is of a high order; and most of those dealing with actual fire scenes are in oil and in colour. The names of Norman Hepple, Paul Dessau, Matwyn Wright, Leonard Rosoman (for brilliant Turneresque impressions) and Reginald Mills stand out amongst a number of competent artists. In addition to the work in oils, there is a black-and-white room, which is full of humour born amidst the raging infernos of the "blitz." The exhibition has been organised by the Firemen Artists themselves; and should not be missed by those who are interested in English art or in London's wonderful fire-fighting services

"ST. CLEMENT DANES CHURCH," BY E. BOYCE UDEN, when the historic "Oranges and Lemons" church was burnt out

"THE GOOD SAMARITANS," BY REGINALD MILLS—a fireman pays tribute to the heroic work of the women canteen volunteers

GOLD-MINING IN BRITAIN! The hopeful miner in this picture is John D. Weir, Britain's only "Klondike" gold-digger. He is here seen panning out gold in the Lother Hills in Scotland: a mountain stream at Leadhills is his "claim," and from this spot came gold for the crowns of the Scottish Kings. John Weir has been panning gold at this spot for forty years!

OTHER THINGS THAN WAR...

Labouring with One's Hands; A Full House; Lady Beatrice; A Note on the Old School Tie; St. Swithin Again

BUSMAN'S HOLIDAY.—I look back with satisfaction—if not with a skilled craftsman's pride—on business done in a long week's holiday in a farm house and outbuildings. Items: Three chicken-houses neatly roofed with felt and slatted. Weather boarding repaired on cow-shed and window let into wall. Five windows reglazed and reframed with new timber, all decently painted and puttied. Blackout devised efficiently for house and for dairy and for cow-stables. Four house-doors rehandled and planed to open and shut easily. Outer hall panelled in three-ply oak and decorated with borders. A respectable amount of brick wall built and neatly pointed. A half acre of nettles scythed. A number of vermin shot. A good deal of old furniture repaired. Many gutters cleared and re-fixed at a proper angle. A notable weather porch built over the dairy door. And many other minor jobs perhaps too trivial to mention.

Now, this busman's holiday has been a real holiday. I have been too busy (despite constant rain) for one whole week to read the papers or to turn on the box. For a decade my holiday has been a problem, for of late years it has always bored me to leave home. Even when a fine programme of shooting was provided for almost every day, those holiday days have dragged interminably, because of the lack of employment for the spare, interminable hours. The ideal holiday is to "labour with one's hands the thing that is good" and never to be without an urgent, trivial task. I have loved shooting all my life in all its forms, but now I find the waiting periods are not compensated by the burning minutes, which break too infrequently. This was a real holiday.

House Full.—It is our fate to form from our family on Sundays 90 per cent. of the congregation of our parish Church. It is not surprising that none of the village folk seem willing to attend the uninspiring service provided by a choirless, unheated, damp, little Church in a redundant parish, presided over by a rector whose enthusiasm has gradually petered out to zero, and who now does the minimum he must, in lieu of the maximum of which perhaps he once dreamed.

It is a vicious circle of slackness responding to slackness; the rector is slack and disappointed because his parishioners are disappointed and slack. But where the vicious circle began, who shall say? Or where the disappointment? Be that as it may, I was heartened during my holiday by finding a village Church on Sunday morning crammed to capacity and overflowing into its small private chapel.

There was a quite excellent choir, a parson with a manly, human voice and manner which revealed what is best (and not what is rightly pilloried) in the term "The Oxford Manner." The squire, the doctor, the farmers, the cottagers and all the war population were splendidly represented; the service was shortened wisely, the hymns were chosen carefully with an eye to stimulating, cheering and comforting and suiting all tastes and ages represented, and the sermon was simple, manly, human and even amusing. Indeed, an odd thing happened. There was "laughter in Court," and it seemed quite natural. The preacher raised a genuine, jolly, human laugh which rang out.

Result: instead of chalking up one's attendance as a boring duty done, one came away heartened, comforted and refreshed. Where *does* that vicious circle begin which leads in so many parishes to an empty Church and a dreary, duty service?

THE CHESSINGTON ZOO ADOPTS WARTIME MEASURES: Now that petrol is such a valuable commodity—all over the world—the little petrol train at the popular Chessington Zoo near London has been adapted to run on gas. The toy railway can thus continue to delight its hundreds of child patrons, even during wartime!

"Beatrice and the Forbidden Man."—In the reign of Edward VII there appeared a short novel by an anonymous author called *Lady Beatrice and the Forbidden Man*. It ran like wildfire through Edwardian Society, and I can remember how great was its success and how people enjoyed reading and talking about it. It was of a type very characteristic of that age and of the era of the Whigs—1830 to 1860. It was slight and horridly snobbish, in the sense of being exclusive; that is, of holding up to contempt or ridicule anything that smacked of "middle-class," and in treating the lower orders with the benevolent and cool interest one bestows on exhibits at the Zoo. It was of the type (and some way below the merit) of Miss Eden's novels, of Maxwell's *Countess of Maybury*, and of Elinor Glyn's *Visits of Elizabeth*.

I came upon *Lady Beatrice* the other day in a house where I visited, and I read it again with some of the old amusement, if critically and without the old zest. It made me ashamed of that Edwardian age, while it still gave me pleasure. And, reading it again, I wondered who was the anonymous author and why he or she did not (as anonymous authors usually do) reveal his or her identity on the wave of success. Its style is curiously reminiscent of Mrs. Glyn's in *Elizabeth*. And although Elizabeth is as hard as a diamond and Beatrice is warm hearted and impulsive, there are certain remarkable parallels in phrases and turns of speech. In each novel the heroine is not so *ingénue* as she pretends (and therein lies the stimulus). I should not be surprised if *Beatrice* was by the author of *Elizabeth*, though I have no direct evidence to go on. If this should meet the eye of any Edwardian who remembers the novel and has knowledge or theories as to its authorship, I should like to hear from him.

Old School Tie.—If the "old school tie" is a back number henceforth, it had a splendid funeral. It is interred in the Abbey with the noblest of our race. While Lord Willingdon lived, there was a living example of the still active uses and value of the old school tie, for if ever a man wore it with dignity, he did.

And it is in the Empire that what it stands for of good, is best seen and appreciated. In England, men may be cynical about the old school tie, and other men may be silent about it for fear of evoking class prejudice, but in India, in Canada, in the U.S.A. and in South America, the "pukka sahib," the best type of English Country Gentleman and Sportsman, is still admired and still trusted beyond all other types. The old school tie, which Lord Willingdon wore so successfully in a life of service beyond these islands, stood for a sense of responsibility of citizenship; it was a guarantee that no personal axe, whether political or business, would be ground; that no class distinctions would be stressed in social relations with all sorts and conditions of men; and that the word of Britain would be honoured to the letter and the dignity and great traditions of Britain maintained all over the Empire and in the Americas.

Whatever may be said in the future of the old school tie, I think posterity will judge it fit for burial in the shrine of the Unknown Warrior and will never rank it with the less notable Abbey burials such as Tom Thynne of Ten Thousand.

St. Swithin's Curse.—A lot of rain fell on St. Swithin's day this year, July 15, and the old gaffers shook their heads and repeated the old saw. The young men smiled into their sleeves. The fortieth day following St. Swithin fell on August 2 and it is fair to the gaffers to admit (if the Censor permits) that some rain fell on practically every day of the accursed two score. (In point of fact, just over six inches of rain fell in my district during those forty days, a very considerable ration for the time of year.) Unfortunately the new moon narrowly intervened before the fortieth day had spent itself, and, though on the day of the new moon the prospects of fine weather looked excellent, with a rising glass and a hopeful sunset, the curse must work itself out.

Clever young men laugh at old saws. Older heads remember that they are the standard loaves baked from the garnered wisdom of the ages. No single person invented the Swithin legend. Centuries of experience by country folk, from the cavemen era, to whom the weather meant so much, went to the building-up of the legend, and, though it often fails to work, it is probably fair to say that, if the weather breaks in mid-July, you will not see settled fine weather again until your September spell of golden autumn or your St. Luke's or St. Martin's summers.

I have never taken rustic or nursery saws at the foot of the letter, but I always have regarded, and always shall regard, their warnings as shrewd Delphic utterances having the authority of the garnered experience of a hundred generations of close observers.

Playing-fields and Gardens.—I have decided for myself that, if cricket is to survive this war, it can only do so following a change in cricket practice at the schools of England, which must be as drastic as the reforms in the traditions of curriculum, dress and fees. There must be no more compulsion. Cricket must be played in future at schools by volunteers, and every one of those volunteers must be coached individually and supervised constantly. While on the subject of "green-fields"—so remote from war—let me say one word more about gardens. I was gratified and surprised by, and grateful to, the remarkable number of people—by no means preponderatingly neighbours—who responded to the opening of our garden under the Nursing Scheme. People "passed the turnstile" in scores all day, often refusing change for their money, and the nursing interests benefited splendidly. Other gardens in this locality had the same pleasant experience, which fully justifies the venture of opening in wartime, and which underlines the merits of this great scheme.

J. G.

GETTING IN THE HARVESTS

A Bumper Year for Crops of all Descriptions in Britain

The Prime Minister recently stated that Britain this year would enjoy one of the finest harvests for many seasons—the best of this century, in fact. Yet weather conditions have not been kind so far for the farmers. During the record droughts of June and early July, the fields were parched and the ditches dry: then for three weeks of almost continuous rain the country was flooded. The temperature too showed surprising falls and rises—the thermometer ranging from 70 degrees to 94 degrees! Despite all these vagaries, the harvest in wheat, barley and oats should be very great, and should show very little loss. And the corn harvest, too, should be considerable. At the moment the principal difficulty facing the farmer is shortage of skilled labour, but this is being made up, wherever possible, by enthusiastic and amateur volunteers

HARVESTING BETWEEN THE SHOWERS: Thatching the newly carted oats near Bures in Suffolk: "What a beautiful valley this is—the high road from Bures to Sudbury," writes Mr. Douglas Went, the photographer who took this picture. "The low meadows were green with luscious grass after the rainy weather we have had, and the rising land was golden with corn, cut, uncut and carted. The crops were being carted with difficulty in between the many showers"

REAPING THE ABUNDANT HARVEST ON THE SUSSEX DOWNS: A scene on the Home Farm at Glynde in Sussex, owned by Brigadier-General Holdsworth. Thousands of acres of what was formerly grassland have this year produced a really bumper crop of wheat and oats

GOOD WAR-WORK IN ESSEX: This is how a 10-acre derelict field looked in May, 1940. Compare it with the picture below

THE SAME FIELD AS IT APPEARED IN AUGUST, 1941: An Essex farmer at Brightlingsea last year undertook to clear a derelict piece of land of ten acres and to bring it under the plough. When he began work in May, 1940, it was a mass of brambles, young trees and thick undergrowth, as in the upper picture. By August, 1941, not only had this waste land been cleared and sown, but it had already yielded a fine crop of corn as a return for the farmer's labour. The two pictures above show the astonishing transformation

BRITAIN MAKES UP FOR ITS LOSS OF CONTINENTAL FLAX: Members of the Women's Land Army are helping for the first time in Britain's biggest wartime flax harvest. Britain has had to produce a far greater quantity of this crop to meet the loss of imports from enemy-occupied countries in Europe: and Russia's entry into the war will still further affect the output on the Continent. To-day, this country is producing forty times its pre-war quantity, which is more than enough to make good the decrease of imports. In the picture above, taken at a farm in the Home Counties, M. Arni Catry and his eighteen-year-old daughter Madeleine are dressing the long fibre. Both come from Belgium, one of the great flax-producing countries

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

VILLAGE TALES, MEDIUMS and SPORT

There's Something About a Village; Margaret Lane's Spiritualist Rake's Progress; A Full-blooded Historical Novel of Adventure; Prize-Fighting and Nostalgia

MR. ANTHONY ARMSTRONG, known to readers of *Punch* as "A.A.", has written a book which is amusingly illustrated by Mr. Bertram Prance, whose initials will be found in the corner of so many of Mr. *Punch's* illustrated jokes.

Miss Margery Allingham, who is one of the brightest stars among detective-story writers of to-day, and has a faithful and very numerous following among connoisseurs of that type of fiction, has also written a book.

Miss Allingham lives in a village, and so does Mr. Armstrong—or at least, he did until about a year ago, when he discarded his Home Guard uniform for that of a Pilot Officer in the R.A.F.

THE BARONET-GUNNER: Seated beside his gun, shell ready to be rammed home, is the gunner of a destroyer escorting a convoy off the East Coast. The gunner is Sir Robert Peel, son of Miss Beatrice Lillie, the famous revue and cabaret star

Miss Cicely Courtneidge used to sing a song which went: "There 's something about a soldier." Since the outbreak of this war, we seem to have heard less and less about soldiers and more and more about evacuees, rationing, servant problems, the bomb down the street, the Molotov basket in somebody's field, and what they all think about it at the Local. The theme song might almost now be, "There 's something about a village."

VILLAGE AT WAR (Collins. 8s.) is wrappered by a drawing of a funny-looking rustic being held up by a prognathous and red-headed Home Guard at the point of a bayoneted Ross rifle on a moonlit night. In two previous books Mr. Anthony Armstrong has already introduced the world to his Sussex village. In this one the war comes "with a peculiar abruptness" to East Downing, in 1939, and the story leaves off just as abruptly a year later, when the author goes off to do something else.

Miss Allingham, in THE OAKEN HEART (Joseph. 10s. 6d.) does not reveal the whereabouts of her village, but tells us that it is somewhere on the outskirts of London, and has one of the two genuine maypoles in England, goes further back, to the days when Sudetenland was a dull item on the wireless, and everybody was a little bored with Herr Schicklgruber. Her story leaves off at about the time when Herr Hess failed to break his shaven neck in a parachute landing. The *dramatis personæ* include all the familiar types; the village blacksmith, old Lady Fell, who had some trouble with her gas-mask, the usual invasion of evacuees, the mobilisation of the local worthies armed with pitchforks and shotguns, the Flint-hammock Fire Brigade; the indefatigable Mr. Read, who had a most unpleasant experience with an oil-bomb, Ernie Chaplin doing the butcher's round in Home Guard uniform, and of the chaps listening to "Haw-Haw" in the Local.

Mr. Armstrong is amusing, with that strain of seriousness which may be expected from so assiduous a contributor to our national weekly. Miss Allingham takes herself, her village and her village characters more seriously, and more personally. Since there are hundreds of thousands of people living in rural surroundings who may like to match their experiences against them, these books should be popular.

Miss Margaret Lane allows no breath of war to disturb the competent progress of her novel on a spiritualistic theme. WALK INTO MY PARLOUR (Heinemann. 9s. 6d.) begins about fifty years ago with a jealous little girl who thought she would play a trick on her parents, and was surprised and excited to see its effect. She was a born impersonator, and was soon to become fascinated by conjuring tricks and then, as she grew up, to develop under the influence of an unscrupulous rascal. Embarked upon a career of humbug and deceit, she marries a doctor and uses her status further to extend her dubious practices. By then she is well settled in her career as a medium, and the point at which deception is strengthened by self-deception is subtly conveyed by the author. Sooner or later she has to face the inevitable exposure, which brings disaster to the wretched man she married, but no diminution of her will or desire to continue her charlatan career. In the end we find her shabby and bibulous; crystal-gazing in a back street.

Miss Lane who, as we know through her other work, has excellent gifts of observation, character drawing and of technique, makes of this spiritualist rake's progress a credible and readable story. But the theme goes deeper, and into the realms of the human spirit where deception may spring from sorrow, and pity from the inter-play of human weaknesses. It is all rather like a good, clear newspaper report, which presents the facts as they are, and has neither time nor space for the significances.

WOLVES AGAINST THE MOON, by Julia Cooley (Peter Davies. 10s. 6d.) is a long piece of fiction based on historical fact of the type which has become popular in North America and, to a lesser degree, in this country. The story opens with Joseph Bailly dancing at a fashionable ball given by his father, at which the aristocrats of Gay Quebec were gathered for New Year's Eve, 1794. Joseph conceived his destiny to be something different from frittering about in gilded salons and he sets out to look for life and adventure in the then comparatively unknown wilds of the Great North West.

He had lost his heart to Corinne, a beautiful girl of his own class from his own native town, but it was Marie, the half-caste Indian girl of the Ottawa tribe, whom he married. Marie it is who shares his many adventures. These were the days of the Indian wars; of horrifying bloodshed, of the rivalry between the North West and Hudson's Bay Companies, when a man had to be quick on the draw and quicker with a knife. We follow his trail down into Michigan and into the newly developed Indiana territory, where the pioneers were really pioneers and the Indian an ever-present menace. Further south we go with him to enjoy the festive gaieties of New Orleans and to attend a historic meeting with Lafayette.

It is a good, full-blooded, exciting adventure story, unmarred by any tinge of historical bias, one way or the other, on the part of the author. It is also a long book and, therefore, good value for the money.

Like a breath out of the past comes a book by a well-known sporting journalist. Reading it, we realise with more than a touch of nostalgia how much of our waking lives was devoted to what is known as sport, before Mr. Schicklgruber forced more unpleasant things upon our attention.

RINGSIDE (Hutchinson. 10s. 6d.) is by the greatest journalist who sought to specialise in the "noble art," Mr. Trevor Wignall. Early in his pages we find ourselves debating with Mr. Wignall the pugilistic and intellectual attainments of such stars of the ring as Freddie Welsh, Jim Driscoll and Jimmy Wilde. "Fighters, as a class, are not over-burdened with brains," says Mr. Wignall, but he found, in Freddie Welsh the first of boxing's intellectuals.

Before long we are discussing the great Georges Carpentier and the mercurial Descamps. Then we come to the giants, Gene Tunney, Jack Dempsey and to the heart-breaking bout between Max Schmeling and Joe Louis. And how about Max Jacob, Tex Rickard and Charlie Cochran? And how about, again, all those good stories and re-tellings of famous bouts, of the back-stage struggles between promoters and of such diverse characters as Jack Johnson, Walter Winchell, Lord Castlerosse and Dorothy Thompson? Mr. Trevor Wignall hopes that this is his farewell to prize-fighting. When the Day dawns and the lights come up in the Albert Hall, we shall look for the famous figures at the ringside and, among them, Mr. Wignall.

SLAPSTICK AND SHAKESPEARE

Two Shows Reviewed by Philip Page

IT is doubtful whether in the history of the musical comedy stage there has been a better quartet of fun-makers than Messrs. Arthur Riscoe, Sydney Howard and Richard Hearne and Miss Vera Pearce. Their team-work in *Fun and Games*, the rollicking entertainment just launched at the Princes Theatre, is perfect, and team-work here is one of the things that matters so much. But it is not the chief thing. It is not much use working in faultless unison and timing a joke to a fraction of a second if the persons concerned are not in themselves funny and if the joke is not a good one. The best scene is that in which Mr. Hearne and Mr. Howard, as a couple of elderly "drunks" returning home in the small hours, find themselves in the wrong house. Mr. Howard, *solo*, excels as a female impersonator, and Mr. Riscoe as a fox-hunting squire and as the brilliant singer of a music-hall song of the long ago, illustrated by absurd magic-lantern effects.

Mr. Hearne is more amazing than ever. In addition to his usual trick of making up like a man of seventy and hurling himself about like an exceptionally acrobatic youth of seventeen (he was at his best in this line in a burlesque dance with burly and brilliant Miss Vera Pearce), he now in one episode plays a man of seventy, with no acrobatics and plenty of pathos. Miss Raye has youth, charm, grace and even a bit of a singing voice, and she thoroughly deserved the ovation which greeted the most successful debut I have attended for years.

COLUMBINE, AGED EIGHTEEN: Miss Carol Raye, who has just made a great personal hit in *Fun and Games*, Mr. Firth Shephard's new show at the Princes Theatre

Shakespeare in Regent's Park.—Mr. Robert Atkins has transferred his Shakespearean company from the wide open-air spaces of Bermondsey and Hackney

AN INTERNATIONAL BALLET SEASON AT THE LYRIC THEATRE: A scene from *Planetomania*, a new comedy ballet (with choreography by Mona Inglesby) which is one of the novelties of the season of ballet which opened at the Lyric Theatre last week—the inauguration of an important new British ballet organisation. From left to right are: Nina Tarakanova as Venus; Harold Turner as the Scientist; Aline Phillips as his Wife; and Mona Inglesby as the Maid

to a more fashionable but no less open-air space in Regent's Park. I will not hint at forbidden topics in the matter of his production of *Henry V*, which I saw and enjoyed last week, more than to say that a change of the king's famous line into "Once more undo the brolly, friends, once more," would have been appropriate. In spite of almost every imaginable difficulty, this was a fine, spirited performance. The superb music of Shakespeare's lines is best heard, I venture to think, under cover, which should have persuaded Mr. Patrick Kinsella, in other respects a splendid young king, rather to emphasise, in the circumstances, their resonance than to chop them up in search of subtle points. In the lighter scenes Mr. Kinsella, a very good actor indeed, could not have been better. Princess Katherine is a poor part for Miss Claire Luce after her "shrew" Katherine; but she made everything of it that is humanly possible and looked radiantly lovely. Mr. Tristan Rawson and Mr. Russell Thorndike (a grand Pistol) were also very prominent.

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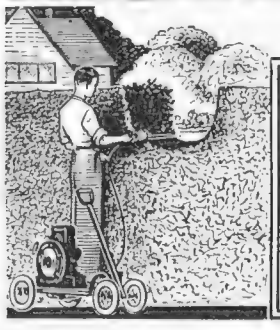

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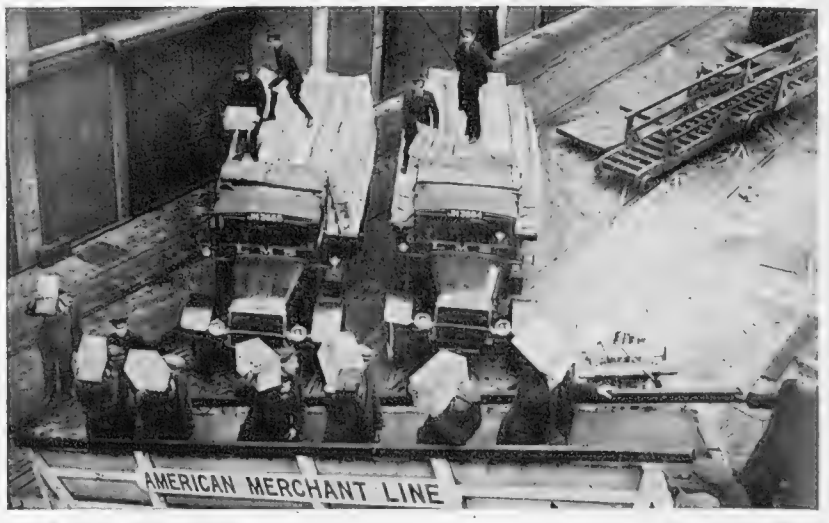

WESTWARD BOUND : A ready market has always been found in the U.S.A. for our beverage products, including the best whisky, which is much appreciated by discriminating Americans. This particular class of trade alone amounts to some £6,750,000 annually. Here is a consignment being loaded aboard a vessel bound for the States

BRITAIN'S EXPORT TRADE—VI

A Summary of the Difference of Conditions of Trade with the U.S.A. Compared with that of our Dominions and Colonies

IN previous articles we have been dealing with the principal parts of the British Empire, such as Canada, Union of South Africa, Australia and New Zealand, all of which are only partially-developed countries with considerable latent possibilities of much greater development.

But when we come to consider the largest and wealthiest of all consumers—the United States of America—it is rather a different story. Here we have a self-contained country of 3,750,000 square miles in extent, with unlimited natural wealth of animal, vegetable and mineral products, and a mixed population of 130,000,000 people combined with the most highly-developed industrial activity and capacity. The natural result of this is that that enormous country is to a great extent self-sufficient, and can supply almost everything it requires either in the way of raw materials or the finished product.

A striking indication of this is found in the fact that, compared with other, and even the much older and longer established nations, her total foreign trade per head of the population is a long way down the list. With little New Zealand, one of the latest developed, doing £56 total foreign trade per head, and the United Kingdom, one of the oldest, doing £28 per capita, the United States does only a little over £7, or only £3 odd on her imports alone.

In spite of this, however, the value of goods imported into that country yearly runs into anything between £400,000,000 and £600,000,000 sterling, compared with the £900,000,000 or so of the United Kingdom.

America's biggest supplier has naturally, due to her proximity and very similar interests, been Canada, which has been supplying on an average about £70,000,000 a year worth of goods, or about twice that from this country, which has varied between £32,000,000 and £40,000,000. Running very close to our trade with America have been the purchases from Japan, but, here again, as in some of our own Dominions, Japan has, by her greedy aggression, put herself in the way of losing most, if not all, of that big trading account.

As to the trade which our American friends had with other countries, since the war broke out two years ago, imports from all but European countries have not been greatly disturbed on account of the war, as most of them were accessible to the U.S.A.; in fact, with some countries the trade has increased due to the gradual diminishing of European sources of supply. But her imports from Europe have been adversely affected by the consecutive occupation by the Nazis of almost all that big industrial area and the withdrawal of American merchant shipping from the belligerent zones.

Yet in peace times some £130,000,000 was spent there yearly, of which practically a quarter came to the United Kingdom. The year 1937 might be taken as a good normal year of trade between these two communities when we sent about £42,000,000 worth of goods across the Atlantic. But goods which the less-developed countries would require, such as iron and steel goods, finished machinery of all kinds, power plants, railway material and road vehicles are just those which America supplies herself so well with.

What we have been supplying in the past, and might continue to do, include the following leading lines. Here, again, as in some of the other cases mentioned our beverage products, including the best whisky, ran into big figures, in this case £6,750,000 worth. Another staple product which we seem to do well in almost everywhere is in woollen products of all kinds which, excluding wearing apparel, amounted to £2,500,000, while wearing apparel accounted for £1,700,000. Americans seem to favour the best classes of British-made clothing for men.

Cotton yarns and cloth run into another million or so, while made-up furs and skins were sent there valued at about £750,000 sterling. Leather goods of various kinds accounted for nearly £700,000, and diamonds, for both personal and industrial uses, rather more than this. Among the metals, about the only one which we have been able to supply as a natural product is tin, which has at times run into nearly £2,000,000 sterling.

These few examples only indicate the principal kinds of goods which our export trade with the U.S.A. normally includes. The present opportunity is surely one which could be developed much more than it has been. The conditions in many ways are most favourable to us, compared with other possible suppliers. We are bringing over from the other side enormous quantities of goods to the tune of about £100,000,000 in excess of our normal year's purchases—just about double. Those goods have to be paid for, preferably by goods in return. Further, the successive convoys of ships which are bringing those goods over here have to go back again, and it is better that they should go laden with goods than in ballast. The voyage is shorter than to any other large customers, and is probably better protected on its way; their money is good and plentiful. The steadily-increasing production of war products is distributing a lot of money among the American manufacturers, merchants and workmen. According to *The Economist*, during the first few months of this year American families bought 50 per cent. more furniture and electric stoves; 20 per cent. more radio sets and vacuum cleaners; 35 per cent. more refrigerators, and 40 per cent. more cars than in the same period last year. The home supply of these particular demands will probably fall off due to war production lines, but still they will have more money to spend on good clothing and luxuries.

As we have before stated, the kind of goods which are most likely to find favour with our own export authorities are those which are small in bulk but big in money value, and which do not interfere with essential war production. Nowhere more than among our big cousins across the Atlantic should there be better reasons for a big export trade development at this time.

Edwin H. Judd

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The BELEAGUERED COUNTRY

(Continued from page 312)

By legal and illegal methods, the Germans force the Swiss to comply with their wishes. What is true of the French francs is also true of the German mark, though reselling the mark is so difficult that even the Germans do not often engage in the business. German trade with Switzerland is nothing but disguised plunder. Germany sells Switzerland raw materials from which Switzerland manufactures arms, munitions and instruments that must be sent back to Germany. Germany sends to Switzerland just as much iron, steel and coal from Alsace and Luxembourg as she pleases and pays for Swiss articles with commodities which she does not need.

Never has Switzerland been politically more split than to-day. Around her twenty-one lakes her people used to live in almost fabulous harmony. The ideological war raging at Switzerland's frontiers has destroyed this political unity.

This year three referendums were held in Switzerland. According to the Swiss constitution, a petition signed by 10,000 citizens suffices to submit a law to popular approval. In all these three cases the Swiss decided against their Government.

In the first referendum the Government wanted to raise the salaries of the Civil Servants: the people regarded the salaries of this strongly bureaucratised country as high enough. In the second case the Government wanted to assign more fruit to the manufacture of alcoholic drinks: the Swiss decided that a child eating fruit is more important than a man drinking brandy. In the third case the Government refused to increase the number of Cabinet posts from five to seven, so as not to admit the Social Democrats to the Government. The people voted for the extension of the Cabinet.

All this is explained chiefly by the fact that a coalition of middle-class parties—the Radical, Conservative, Catholic and Peasant parties—rule in opposition to the Social Democratic majority. Even after the referendum, the Social Democrats were not admitted to the Government. This exclusion of the largest political party in the country causes a permanent political tension.

In October 1940 Pilet-Golaz, President of the Swiss Confederation, received, without informing the members of the Council, representatives of the forbidden Nazi party—their Swiss name is the "Frontist Party"—and discussed Switzerland's policies with them. Public indignation was so strong that Pilet-Golaz and his circle were forced to abandon their plans.

The radical mood of the population, among whom both Nazi-ism and Communism are gaining ground, has infected the Army. It is an open secret that the relations between the Leftist men of the rank and file and the Rightist officers are increasingly tense. There is no doubt that the St. Gothard and Simplon tunnels are tremendously strong arguments in the hands of the defenders of Swiss freedom.

The Swiss bureaucrats, influenced by Germany, are growing increasingly hostile towards foreigners. All foreigners, with the exception of Aryan Germans and Italians, must leave the country within six months "because of the food shortage." Until that date, all foreigners, regardless of their material situation, must be interned in labour camps. By contrast, every destitute foreigner who leaves Switzerland equipped with a regular *visa* receives 400 Swiss francs. Thus the Swiss are trying to find a middle road between the traditional rights of asylum and the new Fascist intolerance.

Europe's last "free" country is a beleaguered fortress. Its courageous inhabitants continue to keep watch on its frontiers. But even more than the countries which fell to Hitler's brown battalions, the example of Switzerland demonstrates that there can be no neutrality and no freedom as long as Hitler's shadow hangs over Europe. Switzerland is the model of a country which, so far, at least, has not been invaded by military methods, but by spies, swindlers, speculators, business agents, diplomats, manufacturers and all those German invasion troops who wear no helmets, and not even a uniform.

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News of the achievements of old *Arethusa* boys flows steadily in the week's post, and those in the Merchant Navy strive to get on as do those in the Royal Navy. One such old boy has just secured his Second Mate's certificate, and will be presented with the Society's award of a sword. He will receive this at the depot where he studied for his examination, marking as it does the unique occasion of 30 Polish Merchant Cadets who have completed their training, passing out for service, as well as being speech day and prize-giving at the depot. For 75 years boys have received a chance to do well in the Sea Services by being trained on board the *Arethusa*. Will you take a share in supporting such a national work? Please send your gift, large or small, to Headquarters, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2

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IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS
BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

Owing to rationing of paper and the demand on our editorial pages, it is necessary to omit from time to time Mr. Ashley Courtenay's usual weekly feature. We would, however, emphasise that his services are still available for advising SPHERE *readers by post of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to him c/o The Editor,* THE SPHERE, *Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1. Personal and telephone inquiries, however, cannot be accepted. The undermentioned hotels are personally recommended by him*

BOURNEMOUTH. BOURNE HALL HOTEL. You cannot do better for wartime or summer residence. Warm. Welcoming. Central. Billiard room and bridge rooms. Plentiful lounge space. From 4½ gns. a week. Tel.: Five. Resident Directors: Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Bray.

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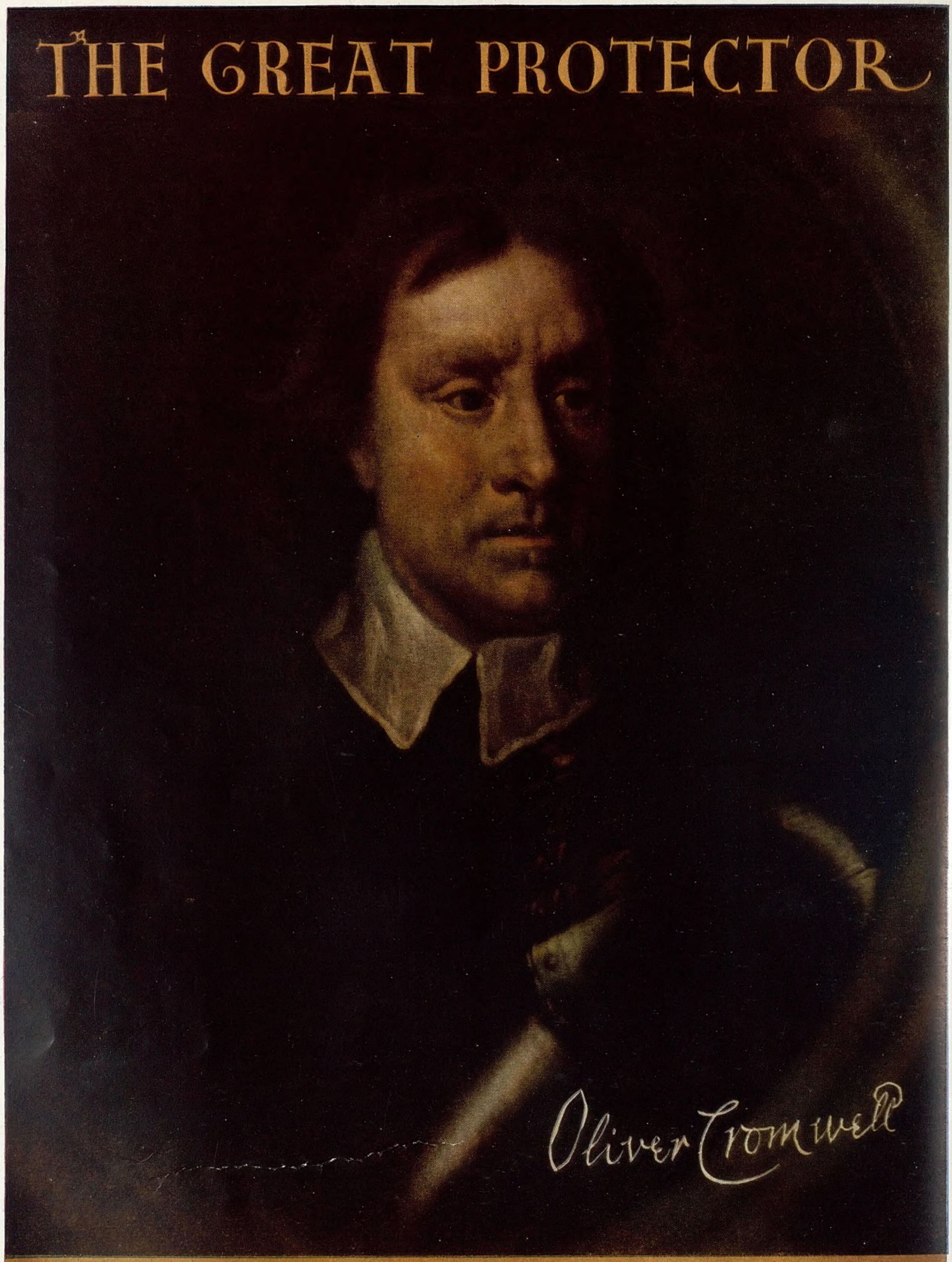

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